

PS
3523
A8P6
1916



Poems and Rhymes

BY
MRS. JAMES STEWART LAUDER
LOUISVILLE, KY.



Class P53523

Book A8P6

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Inscribed as a token of appreciation to,

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. M.

Mrs. James Stewart Lauder

Louisville,

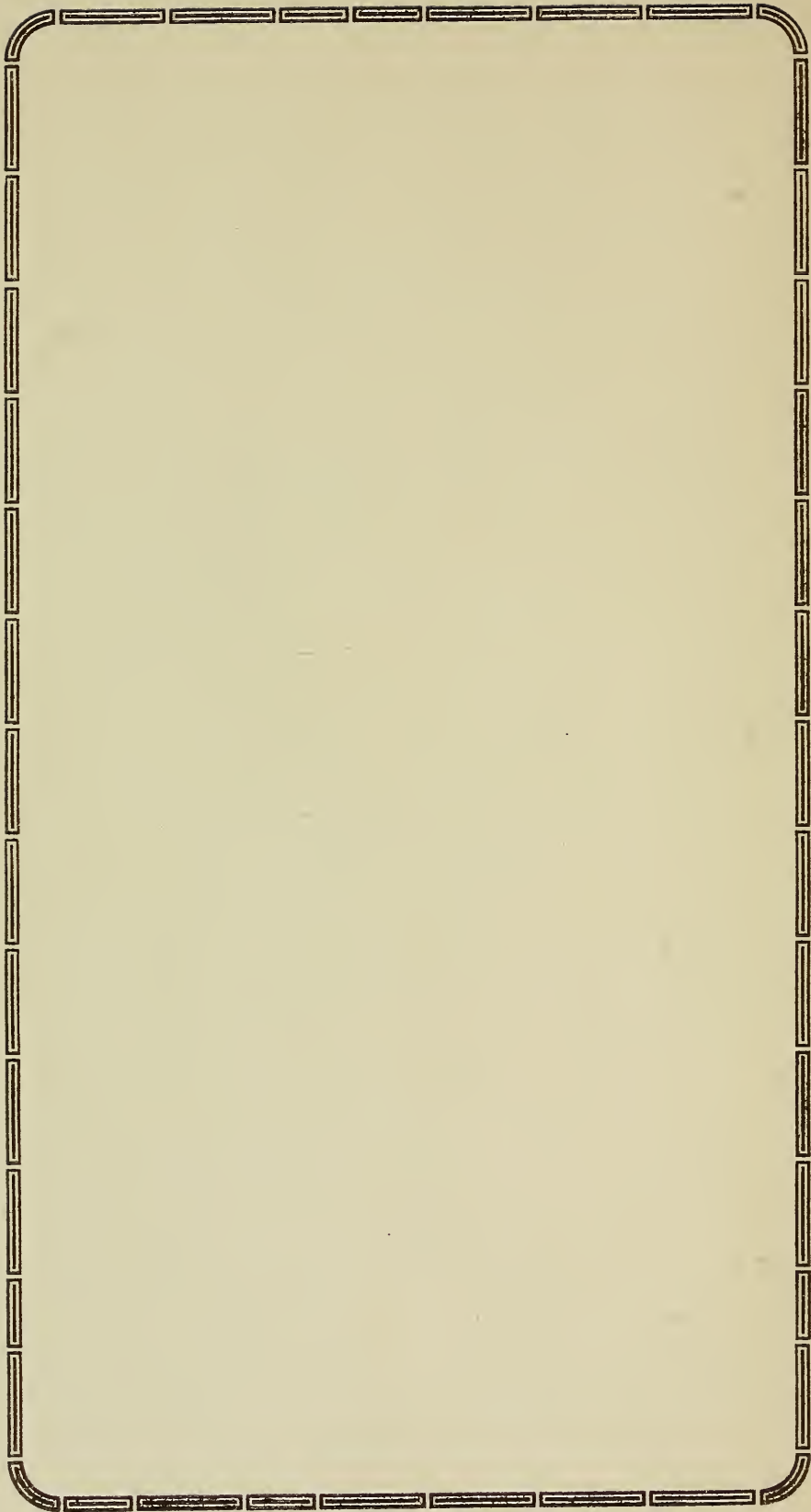
Ky.

C X X I PSALM.

"A Song Of Degrees."

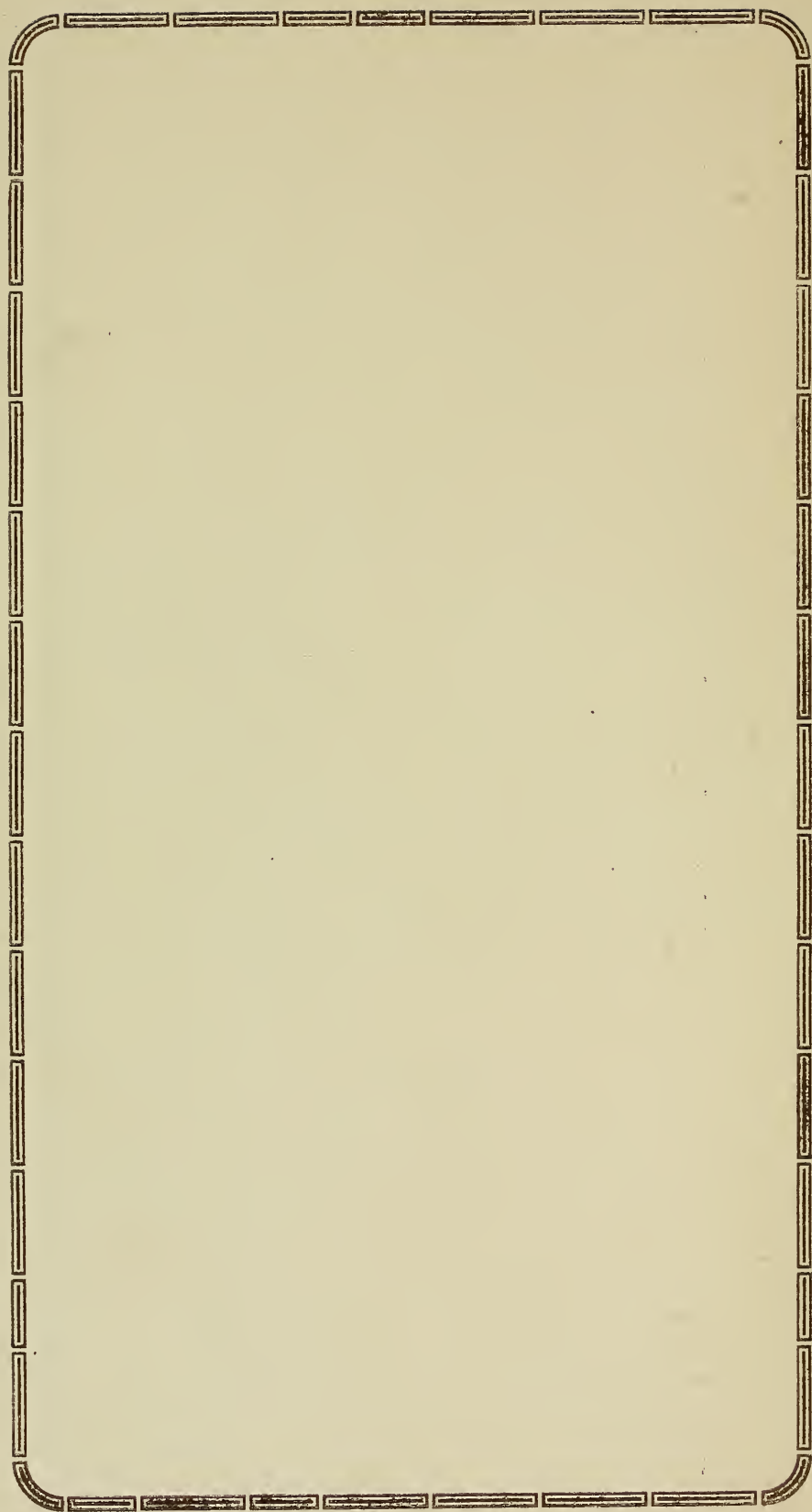
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence
cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven
and earth.



"HEART'S DELIGHT."

'Tis my heart's delight as I stand on the hill, and watch
the return of the sun,
How my thoughts with love, and rapture fill, when I
see how well God's work is done.
Is there anything as beautiful, or anything so grand,
as the silent majestic woods?
Where the trees are ablaze, in the soft morning haze,
where the Spirit of Him ever moves,
And as I listen, to the birds morning call, as it is
echoed through all the hills,
Then comes to me that thought, instinctive,
"TO LIVE,—TO DO,—HIS WILL."



"IF."

If all our hearts were a garden, where bloomed the
flowers rare,

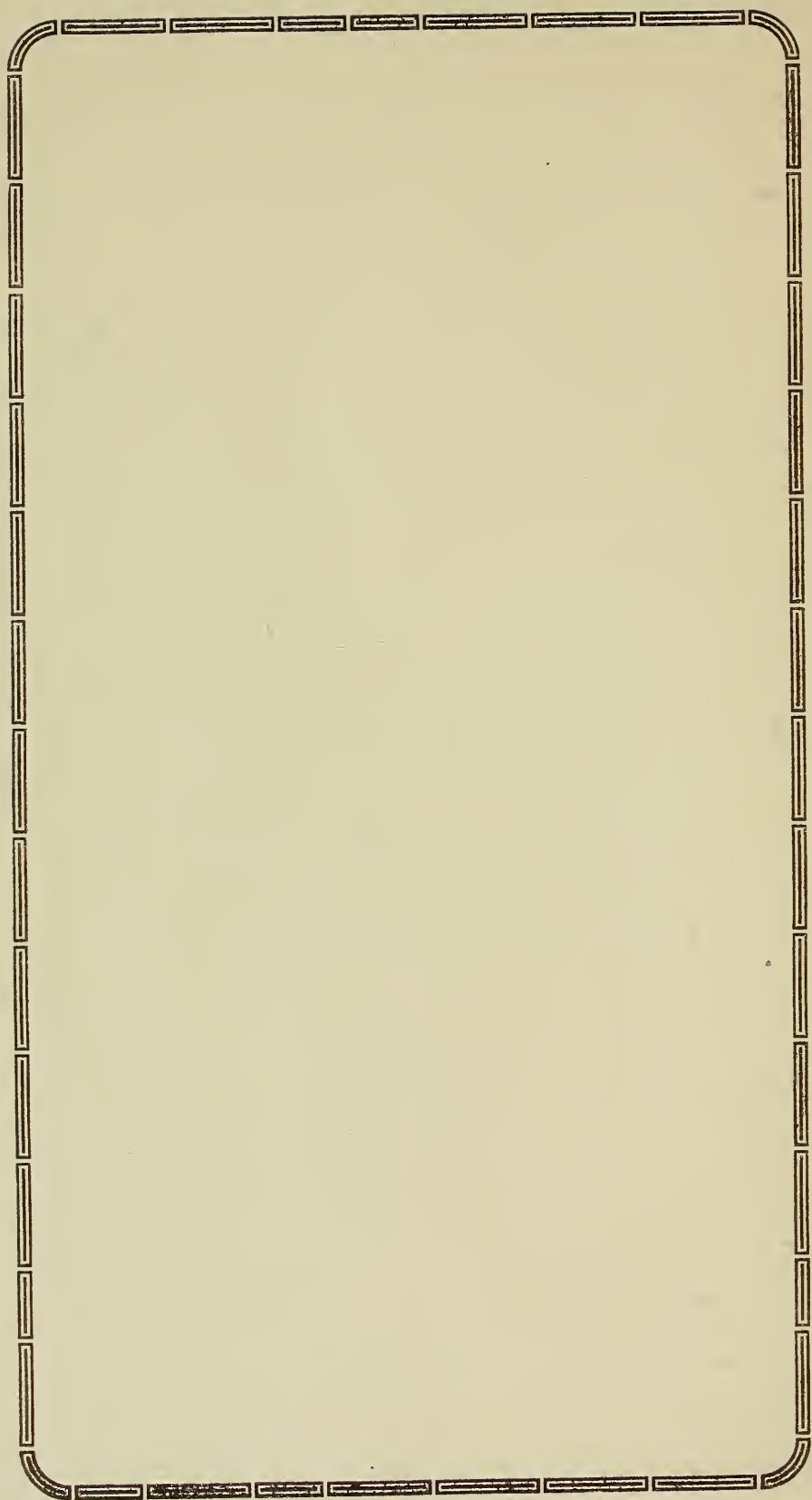
The weeds of evil thought and vice, would ne'er be
blossoming there.

If all the seeds of love, and tenderness, which God in
our hearts planted,

Would never wilt nor die away, this life would be
enchanted.

If we would cultivate kind words, for which so many
hearts are yearning,

No guilty thoughts, nor remorse of conscience
would in our hearts be burning.



"THE WHIMS OF THE OHIO FALLS."

Louisville, Ky.

The day with its toil and heat has departed, as the
slow descending sun,
Sparkles on the darkening river while on its course
it runs.

And with the rushing water, the moon peeps from
the skies,

'Tis the "FALLS OF THE OHIO," that moans, and
sighs, and sighs.

From early spring, with its blossoms bright, to winter
bleak with its snow and ice,

From dusk and dew, to dawning light, it hastens
onward in its flight.

And as I listen in the twilight, to this weird and mu-
sical sound,

The air seems filled with magic, as it rushes
southward bound.

When the evening sun in the splendor, of its red and
ruddy glow,

"THE FALLS OF THE OHIO," seems to laugh and
whisper, love songs of long ago.

And as we watch its capricious waves, playing so
guileful in quest of prey,

'Tis the "vampire" with its luring waves, for its
caress your life shall pay.

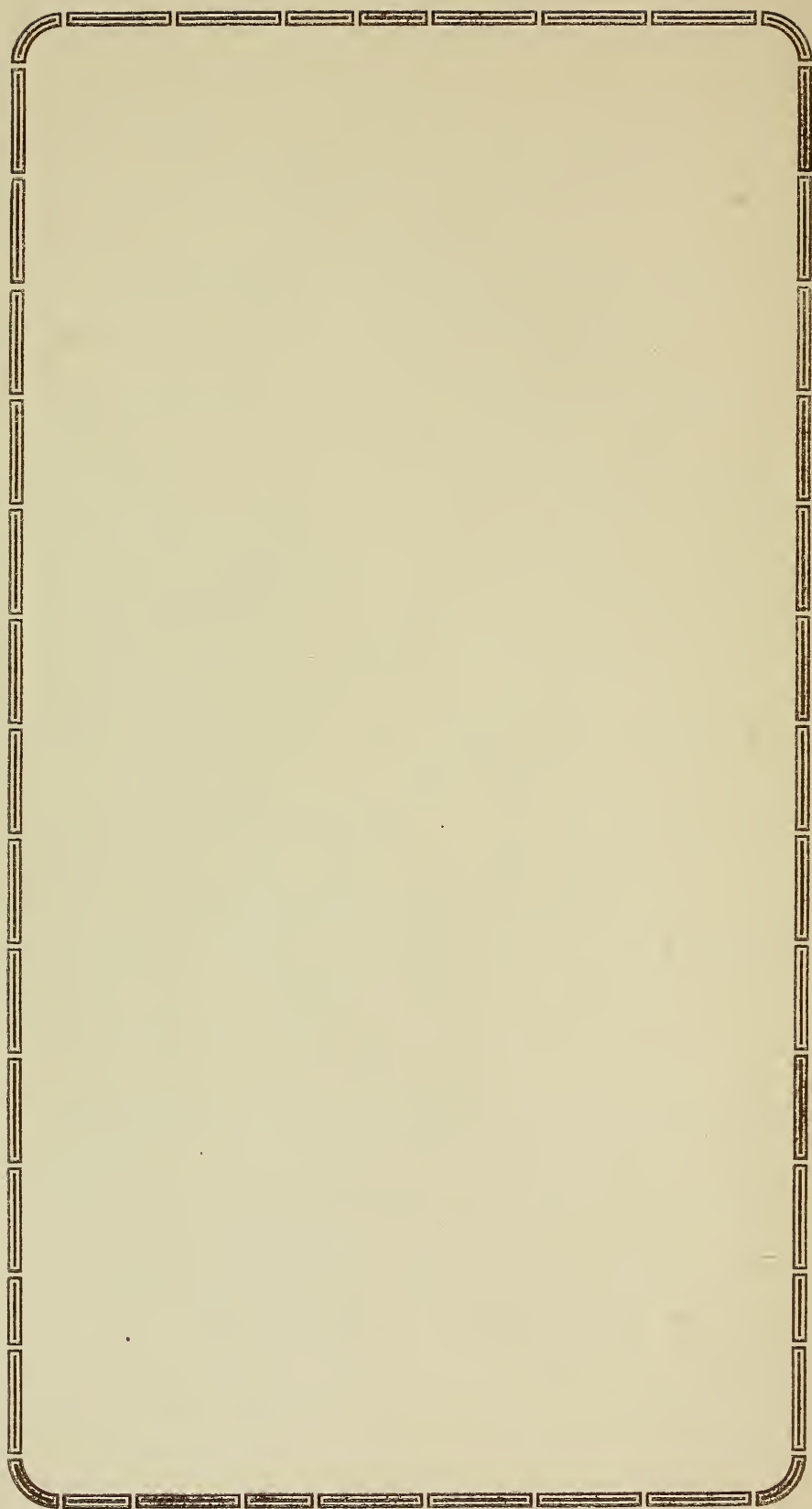
How it whirls, and rushes, as if in quickened breath,

It sighs and moans and sings the song, "THE SONG
OF DEATH."

When you are sad it sighs with you, moaning, groaning,
whirling, rushing, over all.

When you are glad, it is laughing full of glee, just
the mood which you might be, these are,

"THE WHIMS OF THE FALLS."



"THE OLD ROSE HILL SCHOOL"

Jeffersonville, Ind.

Do you remember the Rose Hill School,
Where the teachers believed in using the rule.
Where they spared not the rod, nor spoiled the child,
And made things seem it was worth our while.

There was Kitty Smith a chubby little girl,
And Clara Jones who had the curls.
And then came her sister, whose name was Hannah,
For being so good, she carried the class banner.

And there was Emmy Boyl and her sister Nan,
Who never from their school work ran.
Yes, there were some boys, I can just remember,
One I'm sure was Jimmy Schenler.

Another was jolly Eugene Evergate,
Who came each morning an hour or so late.
One day our teacher who was ever stern,
Said: take your books home, and your lessons learn.

Tomorrow we will have a very hard test,
And each and every one must do their best.
There will be words to spell and words to define,
Now study real hard and be here on time.

So the very next day we had our test,
And we all I know did our very best.
After each side had chosen their friends,
We swayed back and forth every now and then.

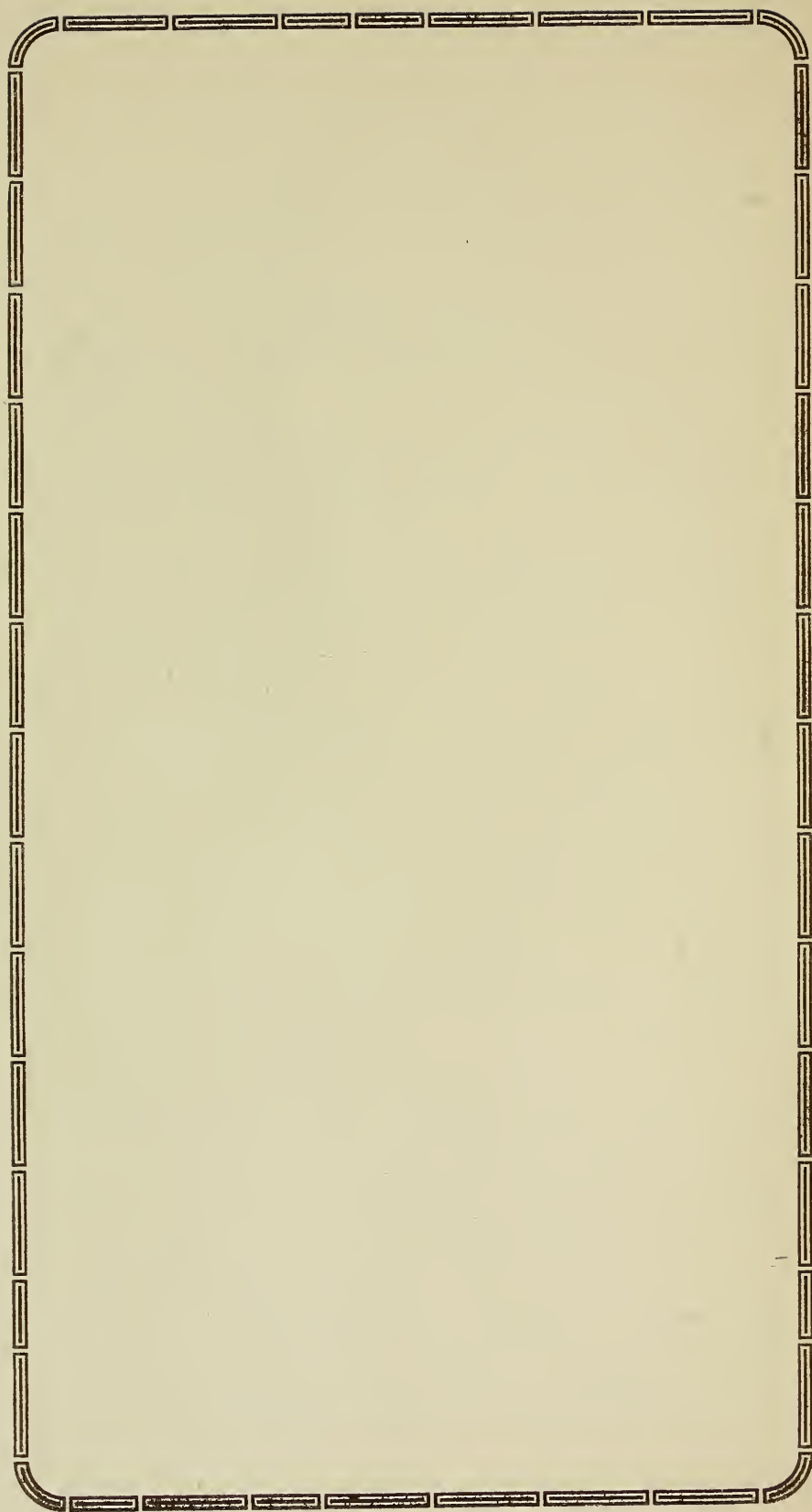
For a while we spelled and defined our words,
The teacher exclaimed what smart boys and girls,
And then she called on Kitty to spell,
The word "Tranquil" and its meaning to tell.

She spelled the word, and it will surprise you.
For she said it was a quill to shoot wads through.
The teacher she frowned and got so mad,
Said take your seat. you are very, very bad.

Then came the word which was "Melancholy,"
She called on Jimmy another good scholar.
And when he defined it, we started to "yellin,"
For he said it was a disease from eating a melon.

The teacher was grieved and heaved a sigh,
Said take your seats children, no more words we'll
define.

The old school now seems so quiet and still,
How I cherish the memories of old "Rose Hill."



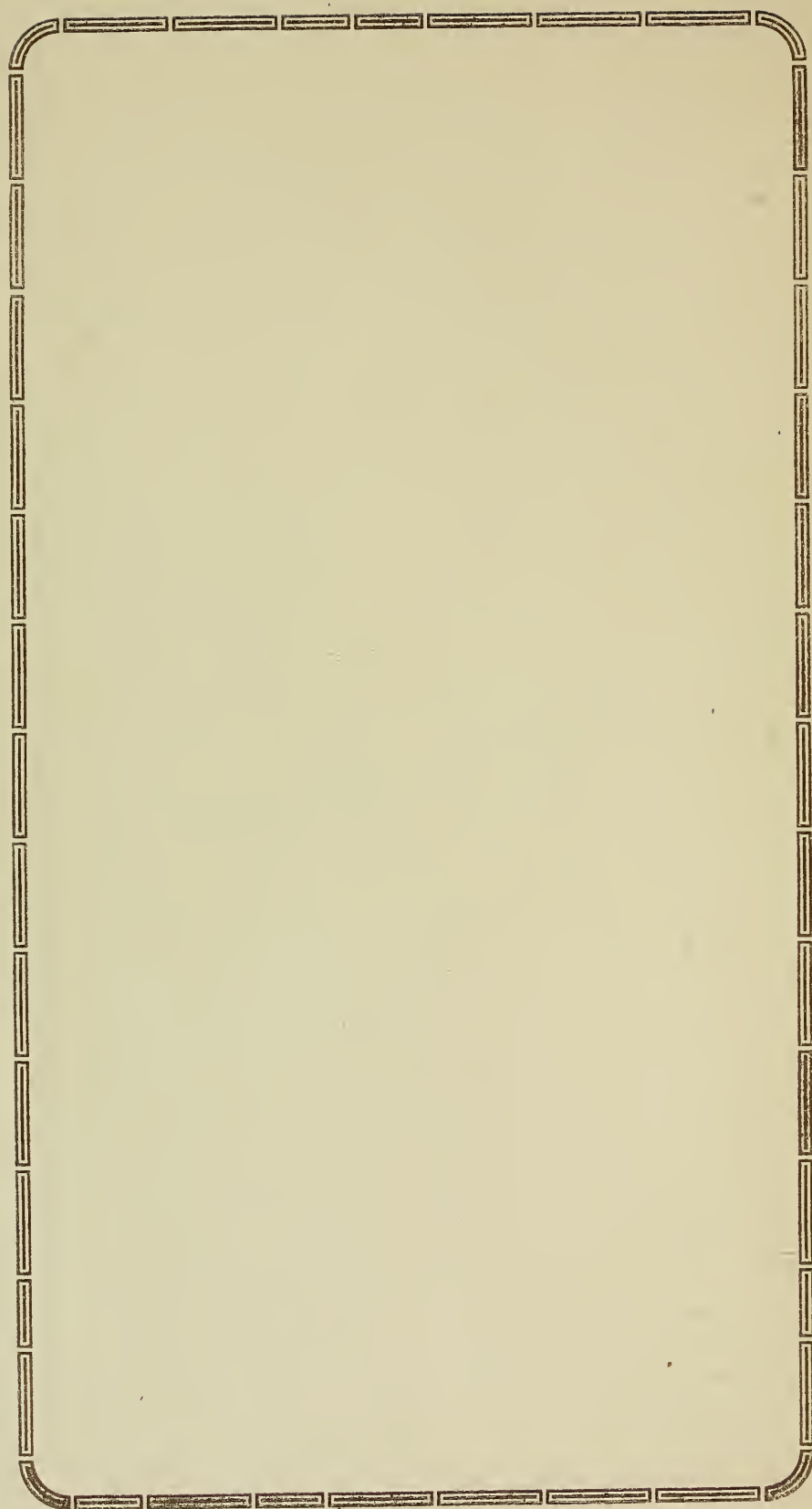
"THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE."

The Spring day of life.

The Summer day of life.

The Autumn of life.

The End.—The Winter day of life.



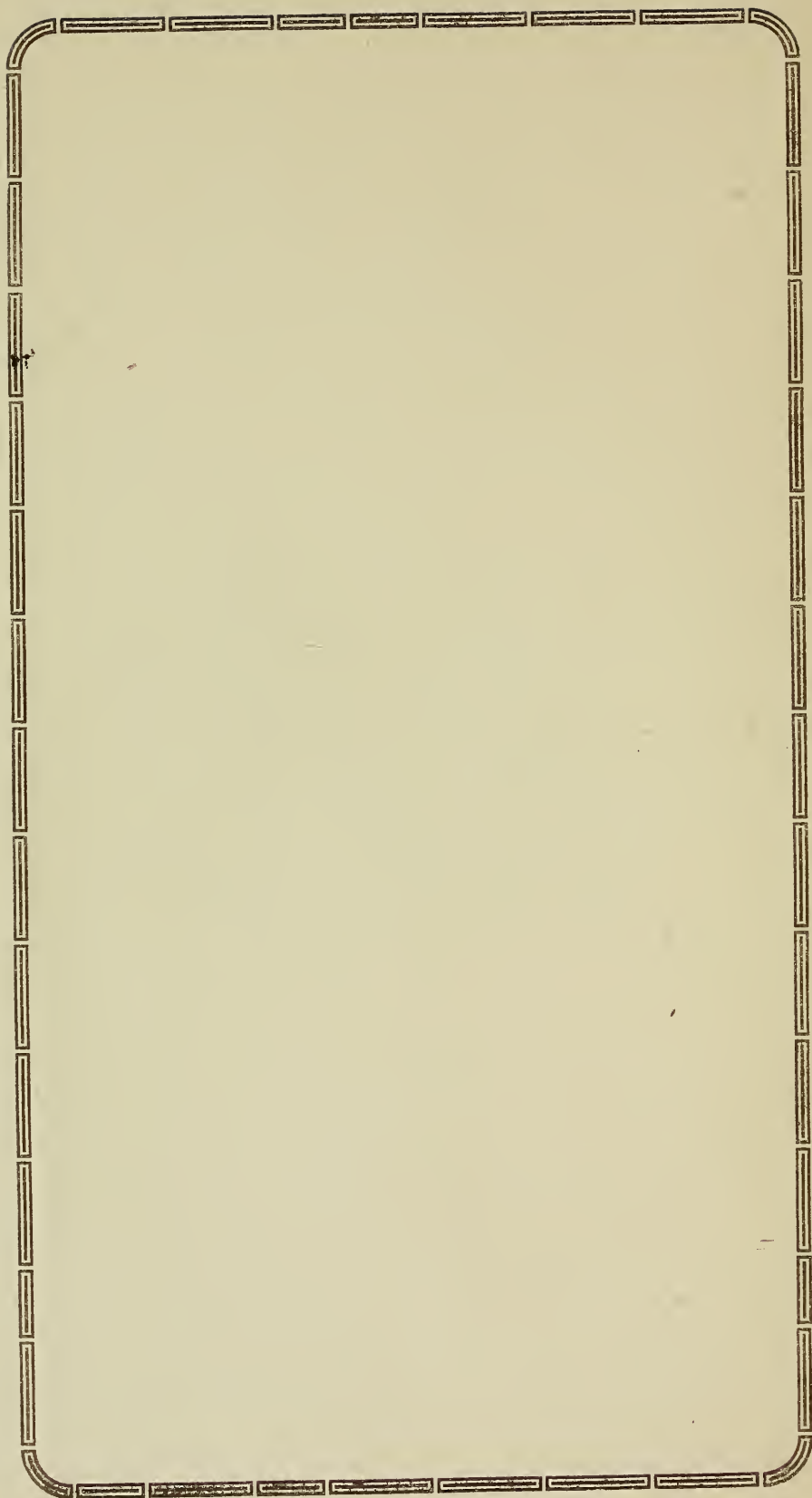
THE SPRING DAY OF LIFE.

When the heart is young, and filled with love, we feel
akin to nature, and all growing things,
For the world seems ablaze, while the birds warble
songs, in the glory of the spring.

And as we listen to the buzz, and the whir, while they
on toiling, beating, pinions, fly,

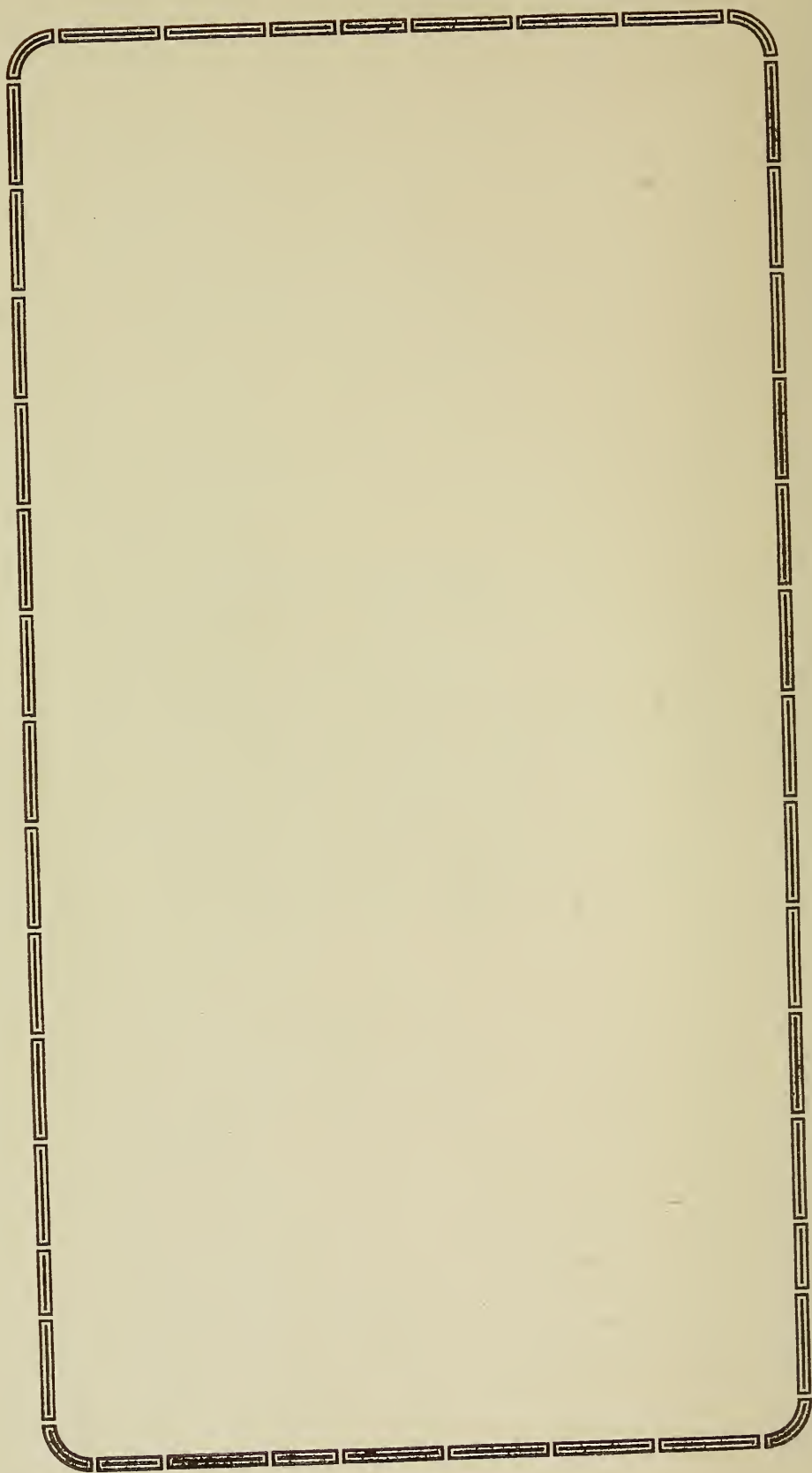
'Tis the time in life, that we stand equal, for
infancy and childhood, knows no guile.

THIS IS THE TIME AND SEASON,
"THE SPRING DAY OF LIFE."



"THE SUMMER DAY OF LIFE."

Then comes the summer, when the sun shines warm
in the skies of silvery blue,
How the young heart throbs, and the pulses beat,
'tis the time when the turtle-doves coo.
For the faintest smile, will embolden the lovers, as
their troth to each they plight,
They start their journey, on the sea of life, with
joy and love, thrilled with delight,
"THIS IS THE TIME AND THE SEASON,"
"THE SUMMER DAY OF LIFE."



"THE AUTUMN OF LIFE."

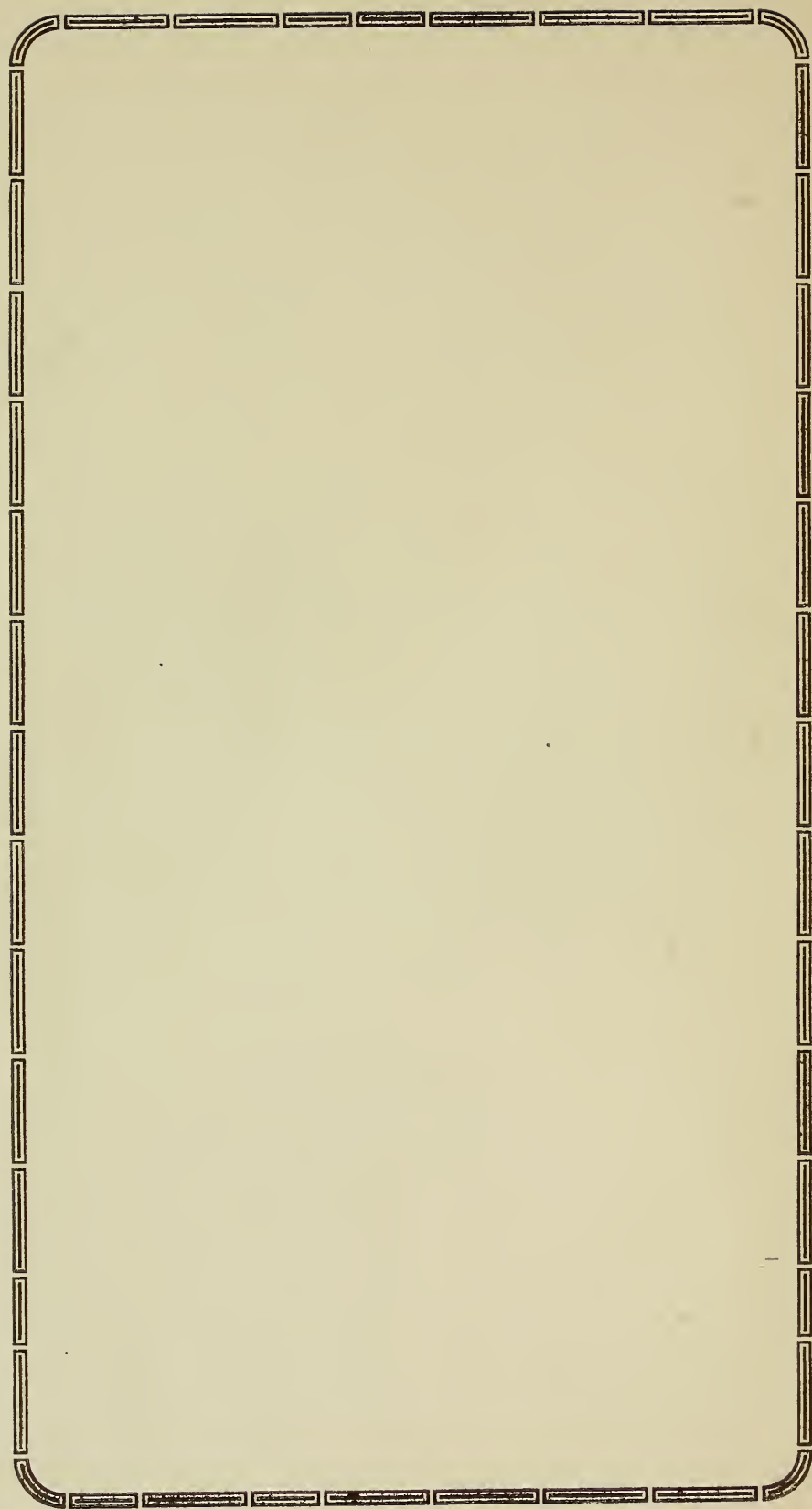
And then comes the Autumn, when the wood nymphs
dance, in the shadows of the red harvest
moon,

With the falling leaves we sigh and grieve, that
the flower of youth has passed so soon.

And so with the fire that glowed so bright, our hearts
are smoldering, in the fast fading light,

The shoulders droop, we are growing old, and life
is passing, with the ebb and flow.

"THIS IS THE TIME AND THE SEASON,"
"THE AUTUMN OF LIFE."



"THE WINTER DAY OF LIFE."

And then comes the winter, with its winds cold and strong, our footsteps falter, the yesterdays are gone.

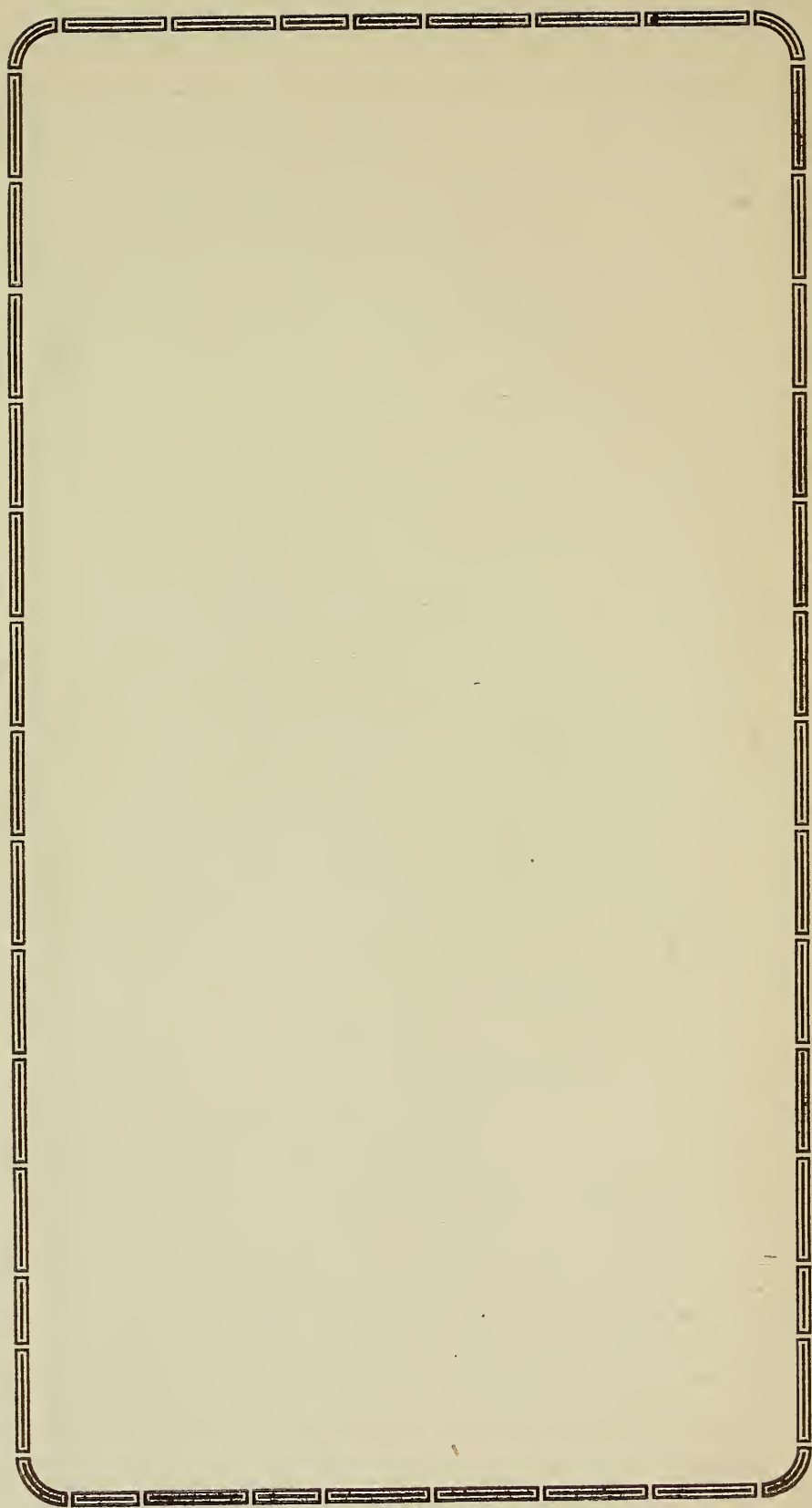
And as we hear the young hunter's horn, we ponder o'er illusions of our life's song.

'Tis old age by life's dial, and we bask in memories, with the glow of the fire.

The eyes are dim,—we have fought the fight, of our life's battle, with its love, and strife.

"THIS IS THE TIME AND THE SEASON,"

"THE END,—THE WINTER DAY OF LIFE."



"HOW THE SPRING AFFECTS ME."

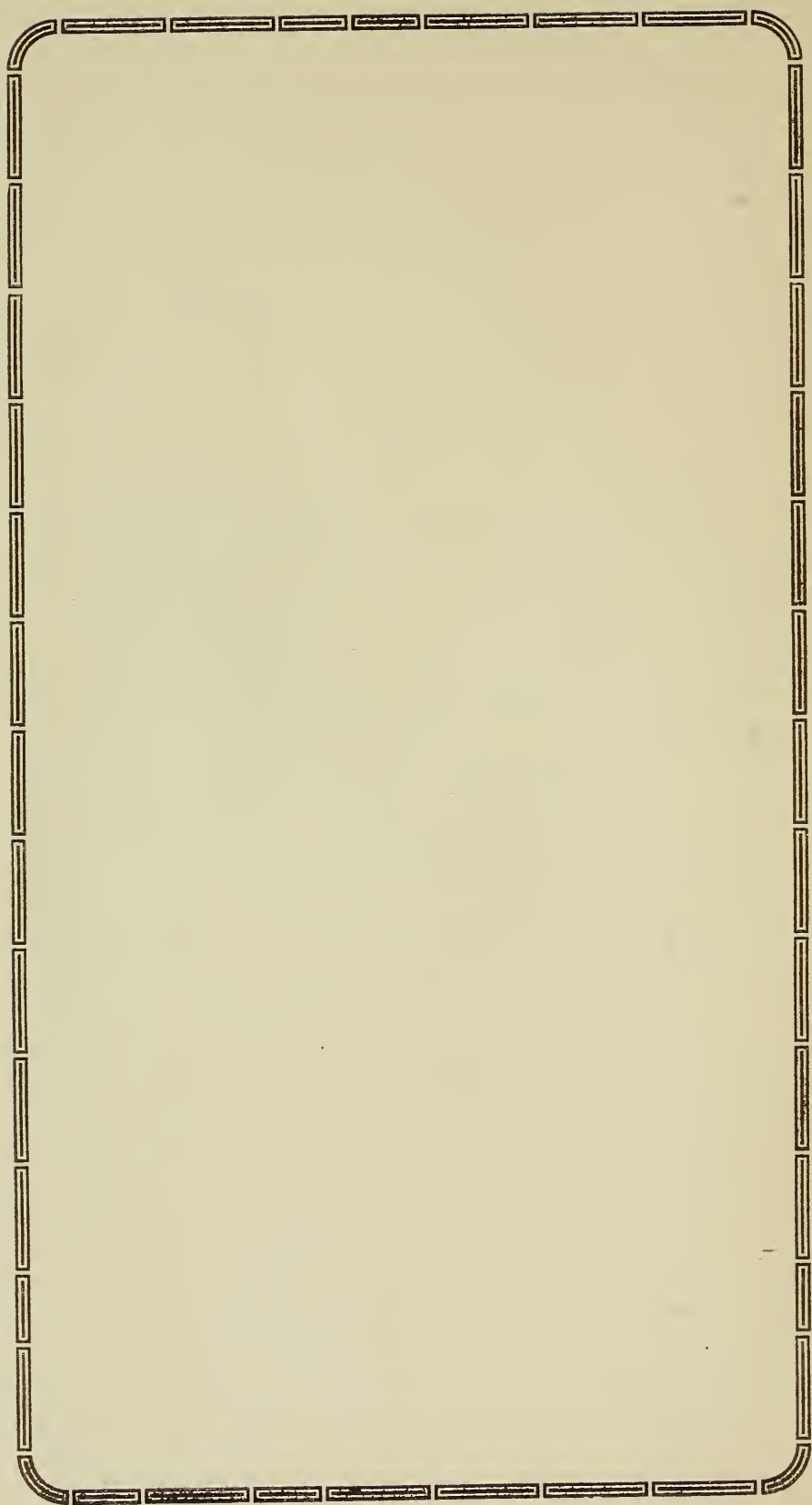
"Gosh dowl it," how is it when the spring comes
around,

I jest want to be a lazin, like some ole hound.
Fer the winds they'll sniffle and perfume the air,
Seems like the flowers air a blossim ever where.

And then "plague take it," I git to wishen, and wanten
for things,

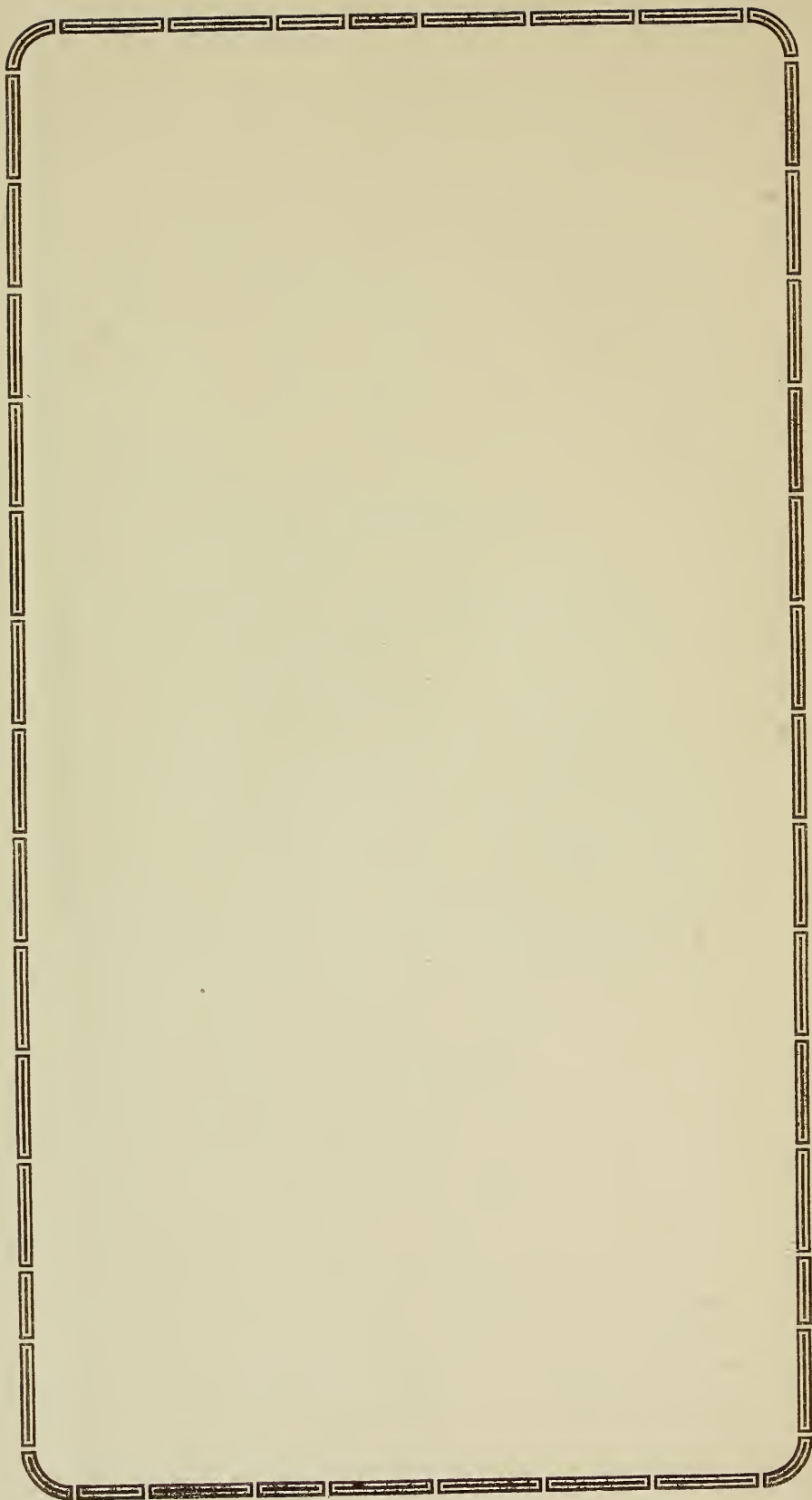
Why sometimes I wish I had a pair o' wings,
And then I want to lie down and waller, under every
shady tree,

I'm jest lazy—good for nuthin,—no airthly count,
"That's how the spring affects me."



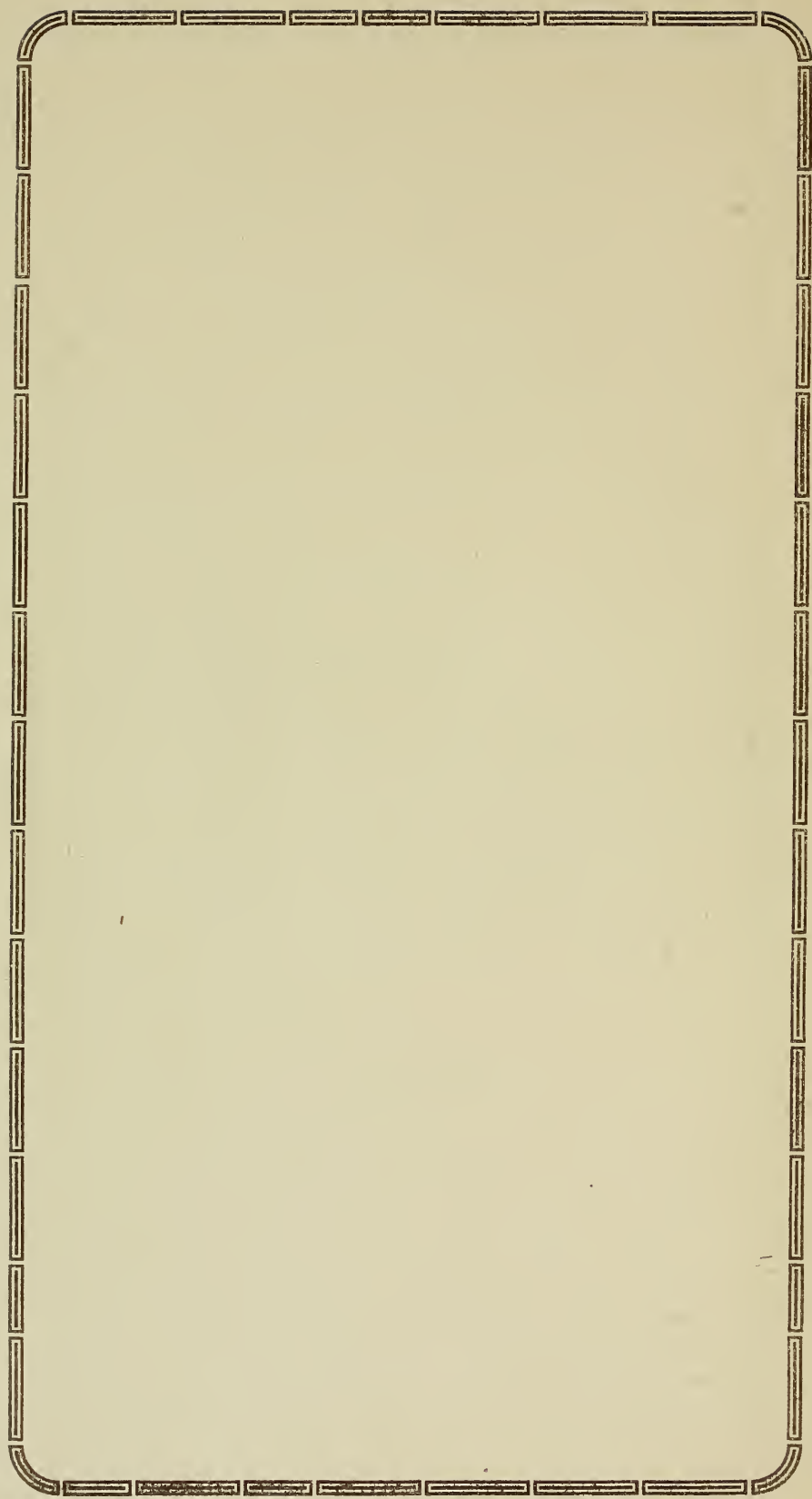
"AT SUNSET."

I would not miss the parting kiss, whispered the sun
to the fast fading day,
And the twilight peeped from behind the hills,
while the day gently stole away.
The fleecy clouds seem to float and gather, as the
moon leaped in the skies,
For the "sand man" was there, and the sleepy old
world, was tired, and rubbing his eyes.
The little birds too, have ceased to sing, as they nestle
their heads beneath their wings,
Through the woods comes the sound, of the
creeping things, and the hoot of the owl,
as it dolefully sings.



"AT DAWN."

Faint is the light that glows in the skies, with the
chirp of the birds and their glad cries,
For colors bright will soon fill the sky, showing
the place where the sun will rise.
The night is gone, the shadows too, and the whirling
earth is wet with dew,
The sun beams will chase away the gloom, and the
air will be filled, with the flowers perfume.
And while the mist hangs in the air, 'twill bring forth
the new born day so fair.



AUFWIEDERSEHN, AUFWIEDERSEHN, ADE.

Prelude

The day is past: the shadows fall,
With the memory of days gone by.
But gone, alas, like our youth to soon,
Are gone alas to soon.

The mind has its memory, the heart has its pain,
When in the past I dwell again.

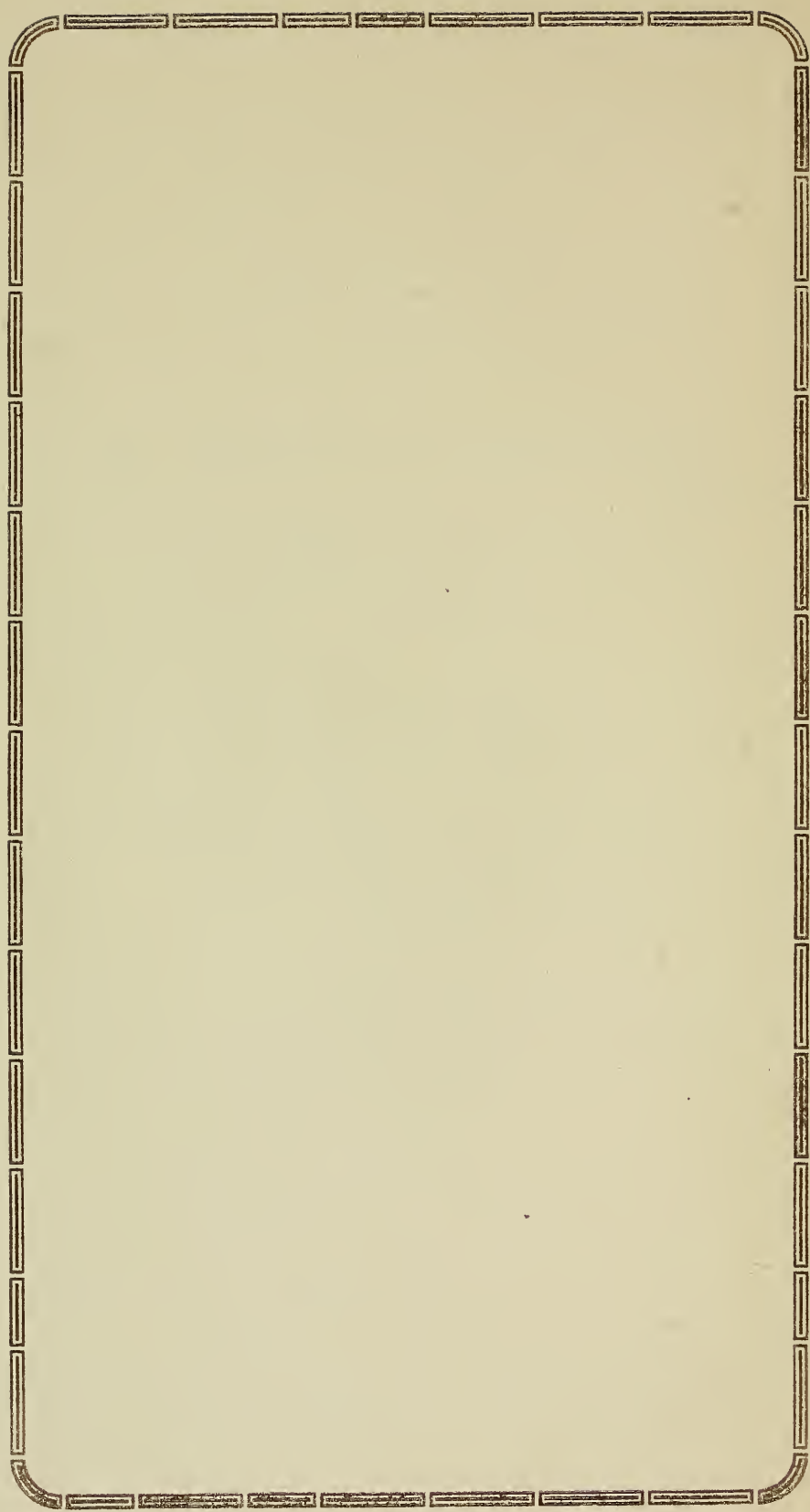
I pause but a moment, and with tear stained eyes,
Come to me a reflection of two tender eyes,

'Tis of Mother, Mother mine, and of her in life's decline,
And the old, old, home, a place so devine.

Then comes to me that peaceful rest.
As I recall her fond caress,

All the heart ache and all the pain,
Are lost to me in this refrain.

Aufwiedersehn, Aufwiedersehn, until we meet again,
Aufwiedersehn, Aufwiedersehn, until we meet,—**Ade.**



THAT OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Ole Josh Hendricks, a neighbor o' mine, says come over
we've got folks from the Mason and Dixie
line,

We're inviten friends and neighbors o' mine, and
I know we'll have a rale good time.

So I goes back to the house and says, ole woman we're
invited out today,

Josh Hendricks hes got some folk's from home,
and they aint got long here to stay.

And as we started across the fields, and heard the
chirpen of the crickets and the birds,

I got to thinken of my young days, when I was a
boy and she just a girl.

What a wife and companion, a good ole pal, for she'll
always be my sweetheart "Hal."

How she shared my sorrows and all hard times,
this wife and companion this sweetheart o'
mine,

And when we got near ole Josh's lane, sounds of singen
to us came,

I turned my head for I'll be blamed, tears rolled
from my eyes like a summer rain.

And while the tears unbidden flowed, they started to
singen "Ole Kentucky Home"

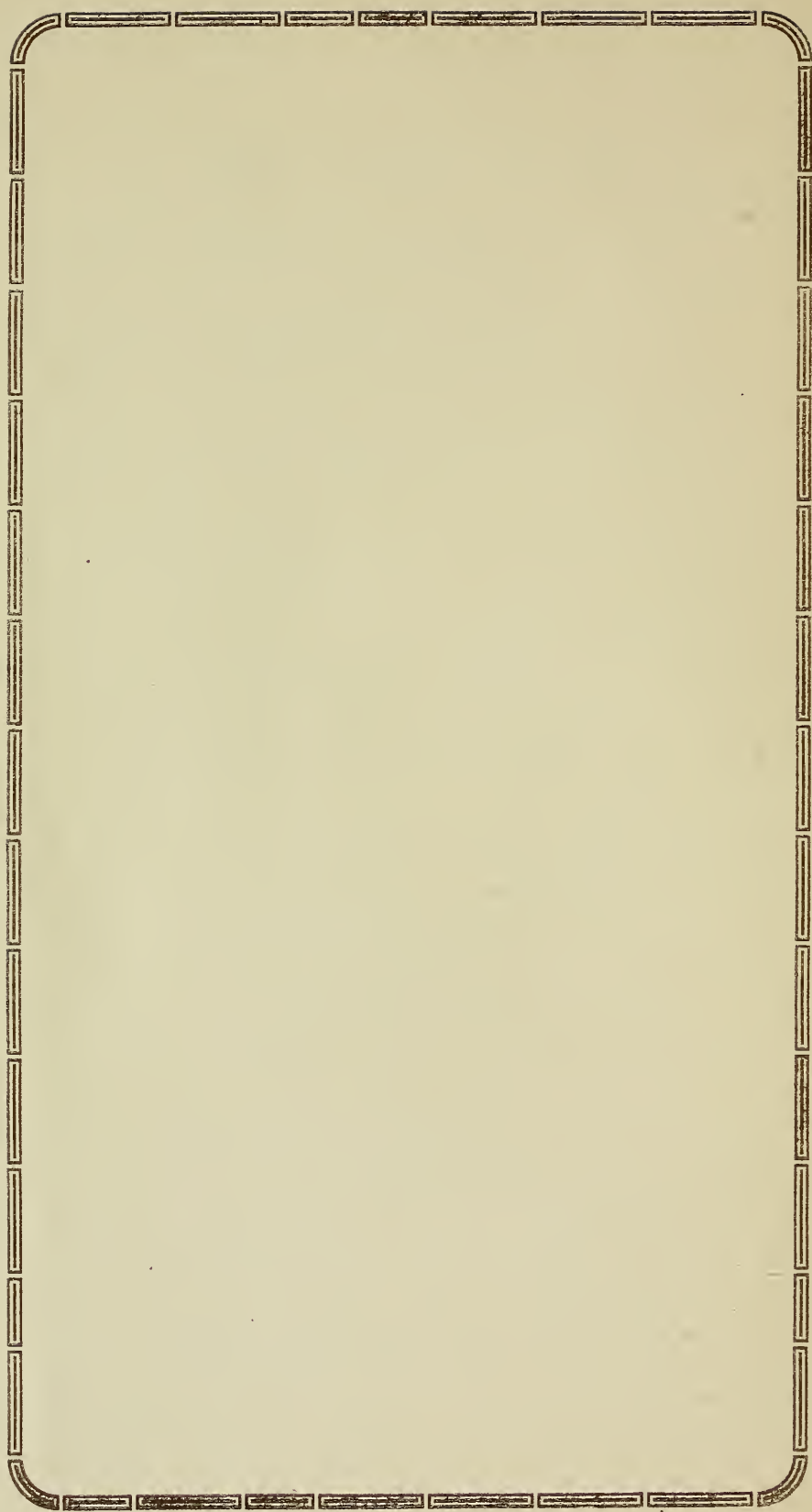
We both stood and listened and lived once more, in
that little "ole southern home."

It's queer how the old songs affect me. seems they
orter make me glad,

But I must be kind 'a different, fer I git so dad
burn sad.

The folks they sung all sorts o' songs, from hymes to
ballads old,

But "Gosh dowl it,"—there aint no song, that
sounds like, "OLE KENTUCKY HOME."



"BUT THAT DEAR IS NOT YOU."

I wandered down near the old wooden mill, the place
you loved my dear,

The same sweet flowers are growing still, although
the woods are sear.

And then I heard the chimes, as they rang from the
old stone church,

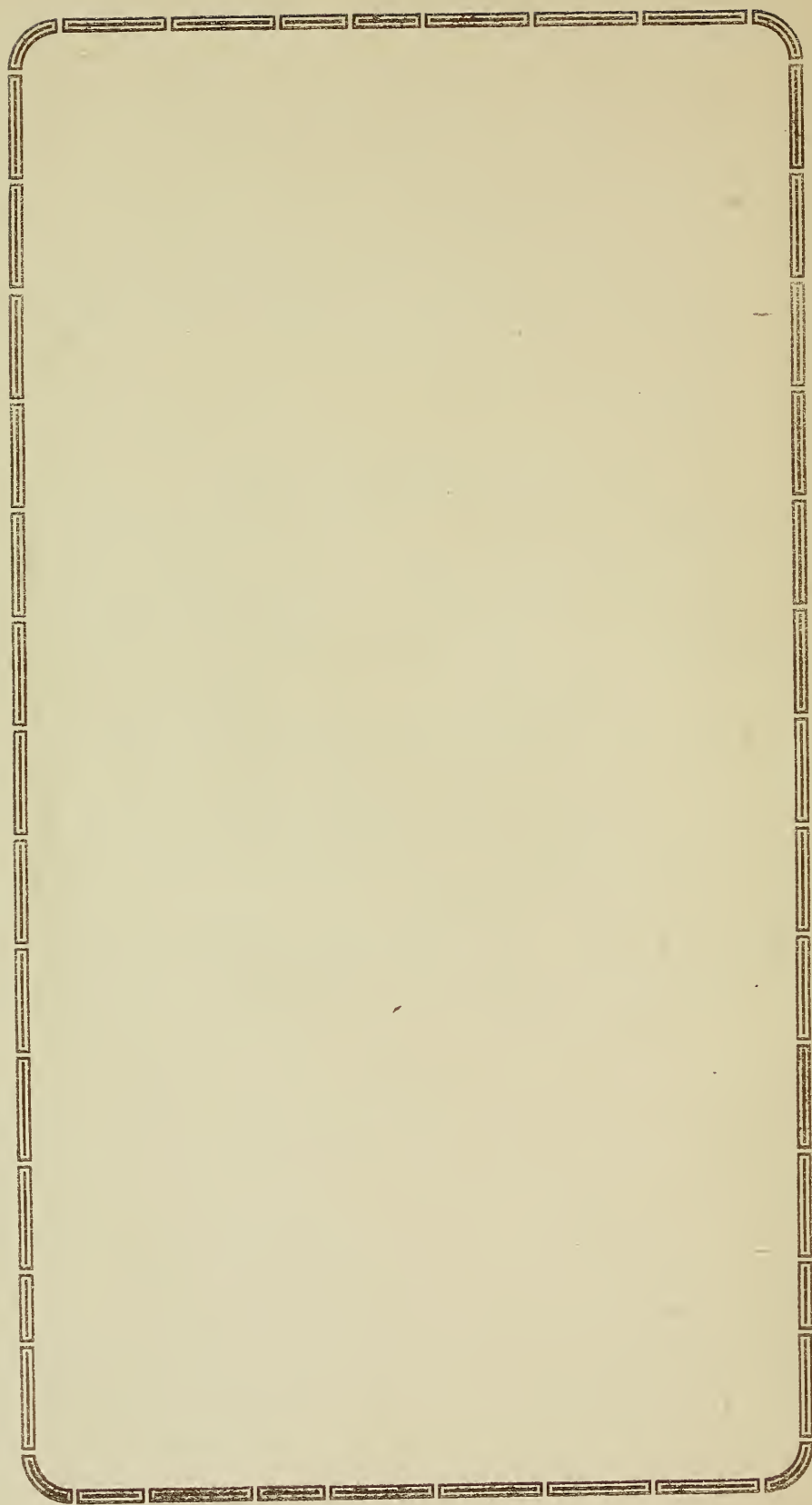
The pigeons cooed, and the birds would sing, as
they flew to their high perch.

And as I passed the old church yard, where the silence
is deep and still,

I almost think I see your face, as you stood that
day near the mill.

Each day I gather the flowers you loved, just wet and
sparkling with dew,

I have the flowers, the Aster blue,—“But That Dear
Is Not You.”



**"WE THANK THEE ERE WE SLUMBER
THROUGH THE NIGHT."**

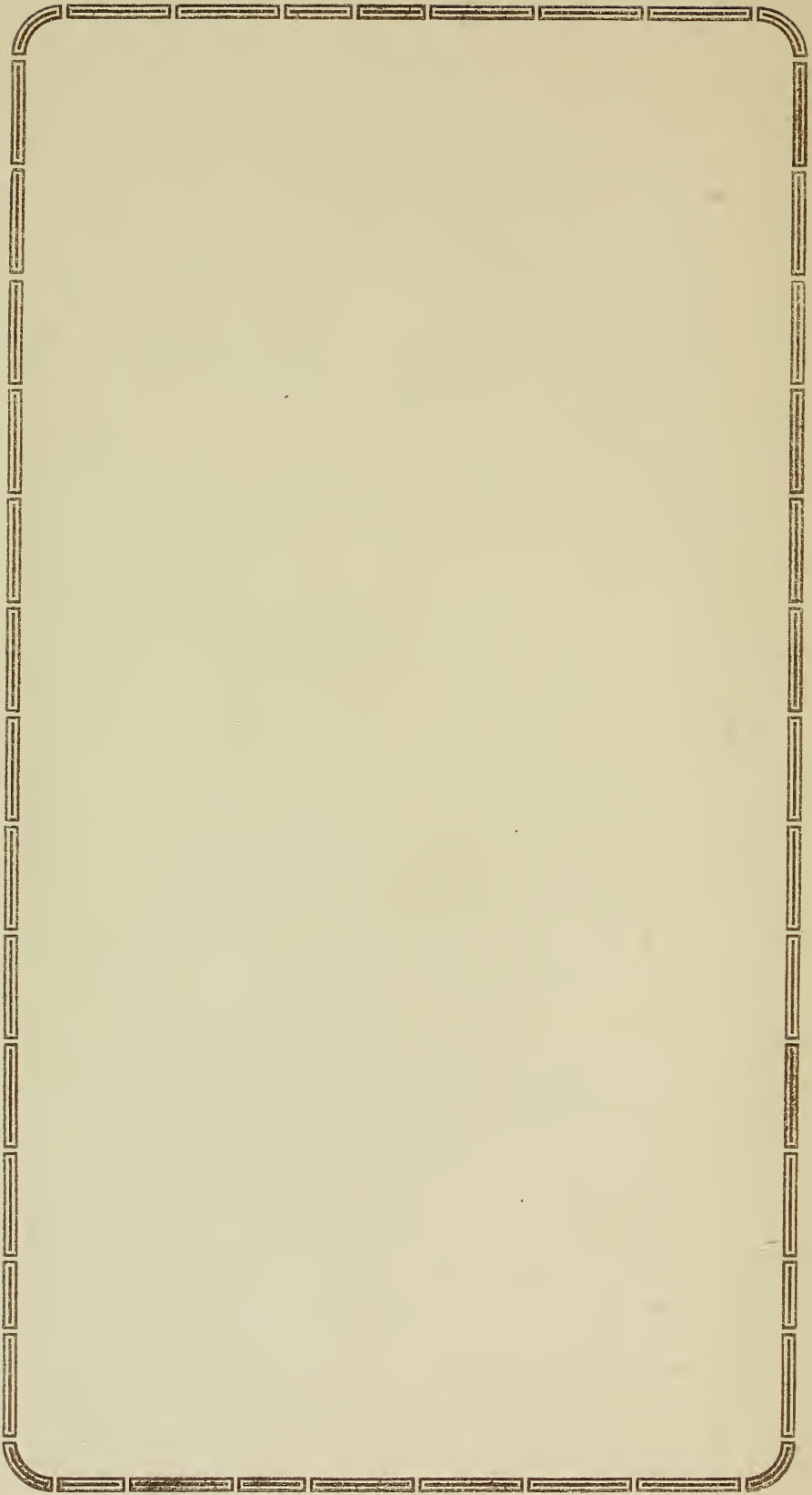
When the evening shades are falling,
And the lights grow soft and dim,
When the night birds cease their calling,
Reveals my love for Him.

The winds that traverse the ocean,
The birds that cleave the air,
Seem to breathe an evening blessing.
As if, in silent prayer.

Oh! come and rejoice unto the Lord,
And sing his praises,
While the organ rolls,
Its lovely music to our souls.

Oh Lord! how wondrous are thy works,
Thy thoughts are very deep,
Help us Oh Father to trust in thee,
For thou art Oh Lord, Immortality.

We thank Thee, Oh God, for thy Love, Truth and Life,
Ere we slumber through the night.
We thank Thee, Oh God, for thy Love, Truth, and Life,
Ere we slumber through the night.



MEMORIES.

Aint it curious how queer we feel, ever time we shet
our eyes and dream,

I'd ruther have a spell o' measles, than feel so dad
burn mean.

Some how a lump seems to choke me, and I begin to
feel so queer,

For I get such a hurtin, down in my throat right
here.

And then when I try to swaller, my breath just seems
to stop,

I start to blinken and a squirmin, 'till the tears
from both eyes popp.

Seems kinder strange, when we feel so grieved, how the
shedden of tears most always relieves,

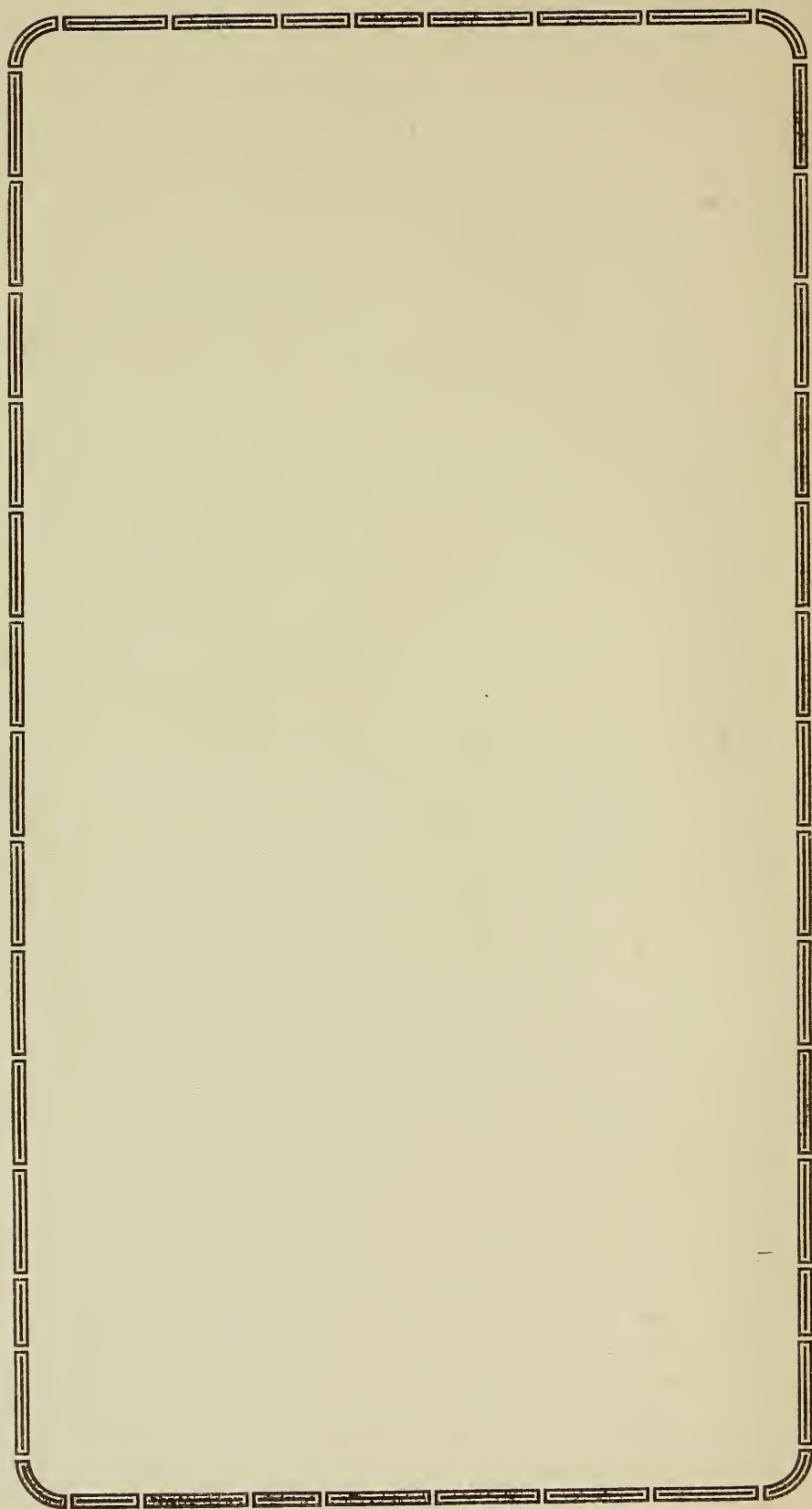
And still I sort 'o like to think of them days, gives
a feller a peep at the world's queer ways.

And now as I am passing through the years of life,

And watch the shadders flit in the soft fire light,

How my thoughts will linger, and lure me on,

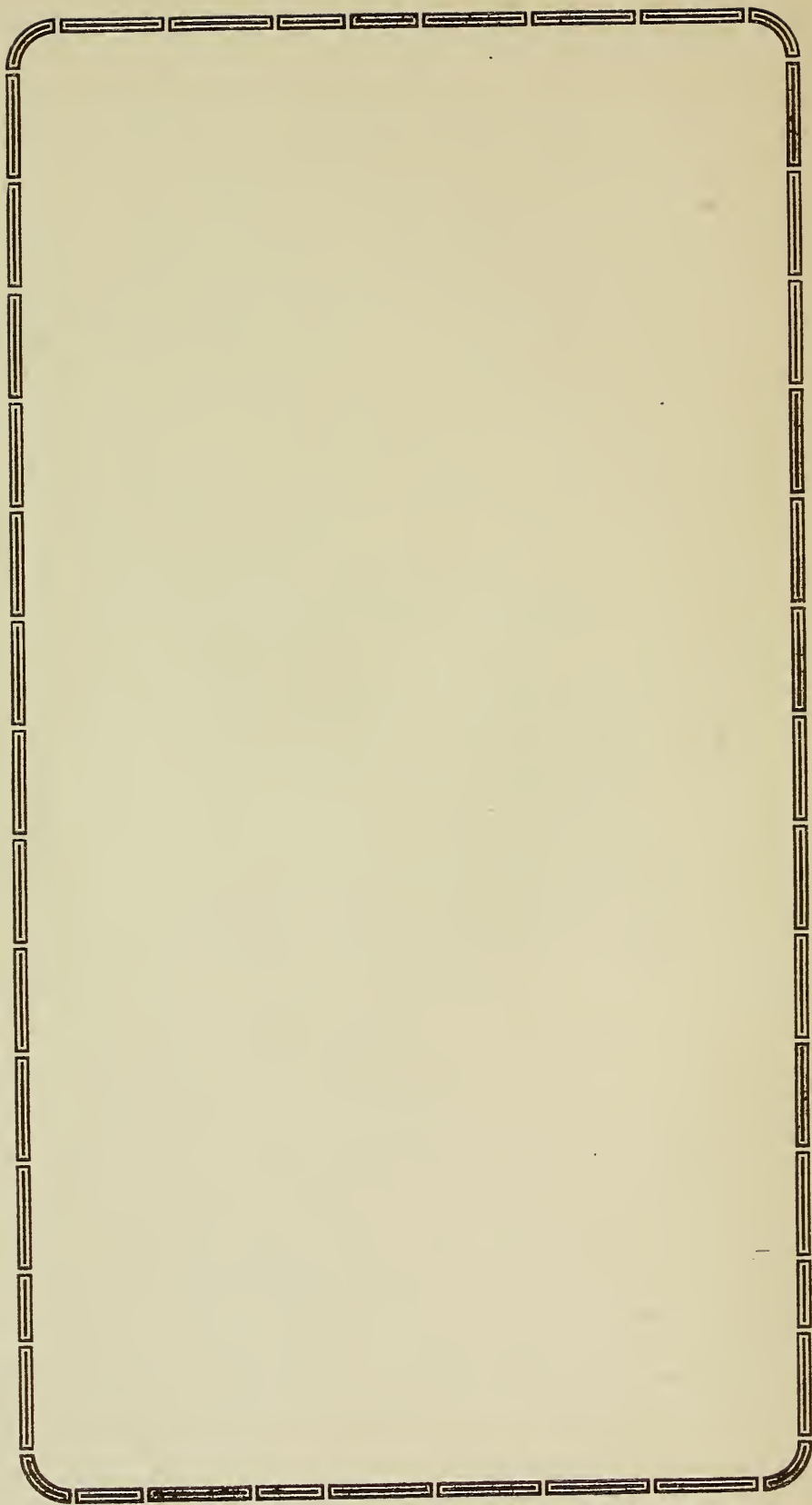
To the memories and the days, that have long been
gone.



**To My Son,
PRESLEY JAMES LAUDER.**

Life will not always be full of pleasure and joy,
But thank God for the blessings you've had my boy,
The days when you are battling with the destinies of
fate,
Thank Him again with your Love, Trust, and Faith.

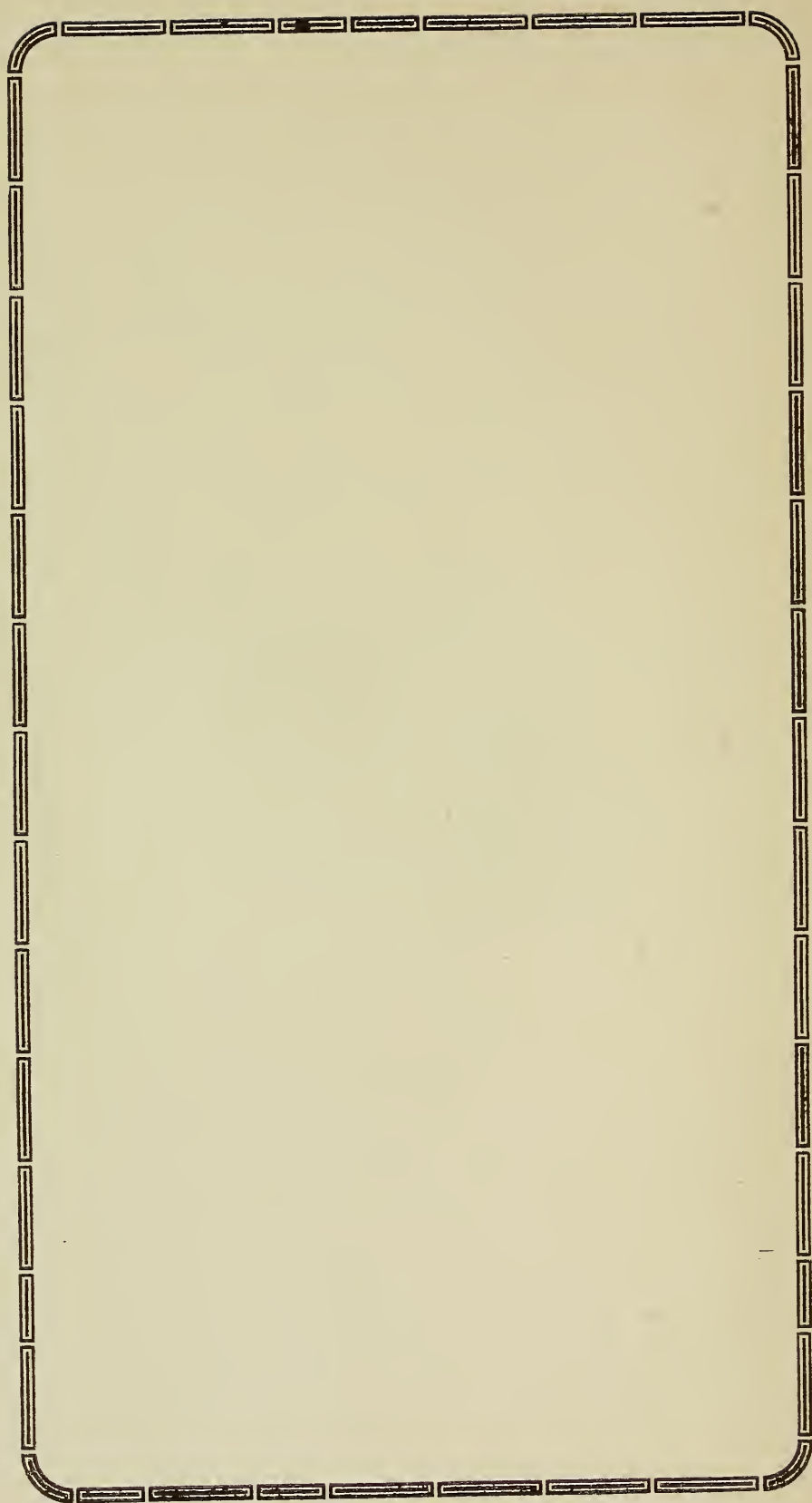
And when your conscience is put to question,
Thank Him again, with one suggestion.
To make you strong, with fresh currents of Faith,
Remember He died, and for you, His life gave.



TO ANN MARIE.

To Ann Marie with the the bonnie sweet smile,
Who's laughter ripples like the water that glides,
Her eyes are as brown as the woodland stream,
And she is the maiden of my dreams.

Her heart is like the month of May,
Just as merry as the birds that sing their lay.
For you know she's my little daughter Ann,
Find a fairer maid, now if you can.



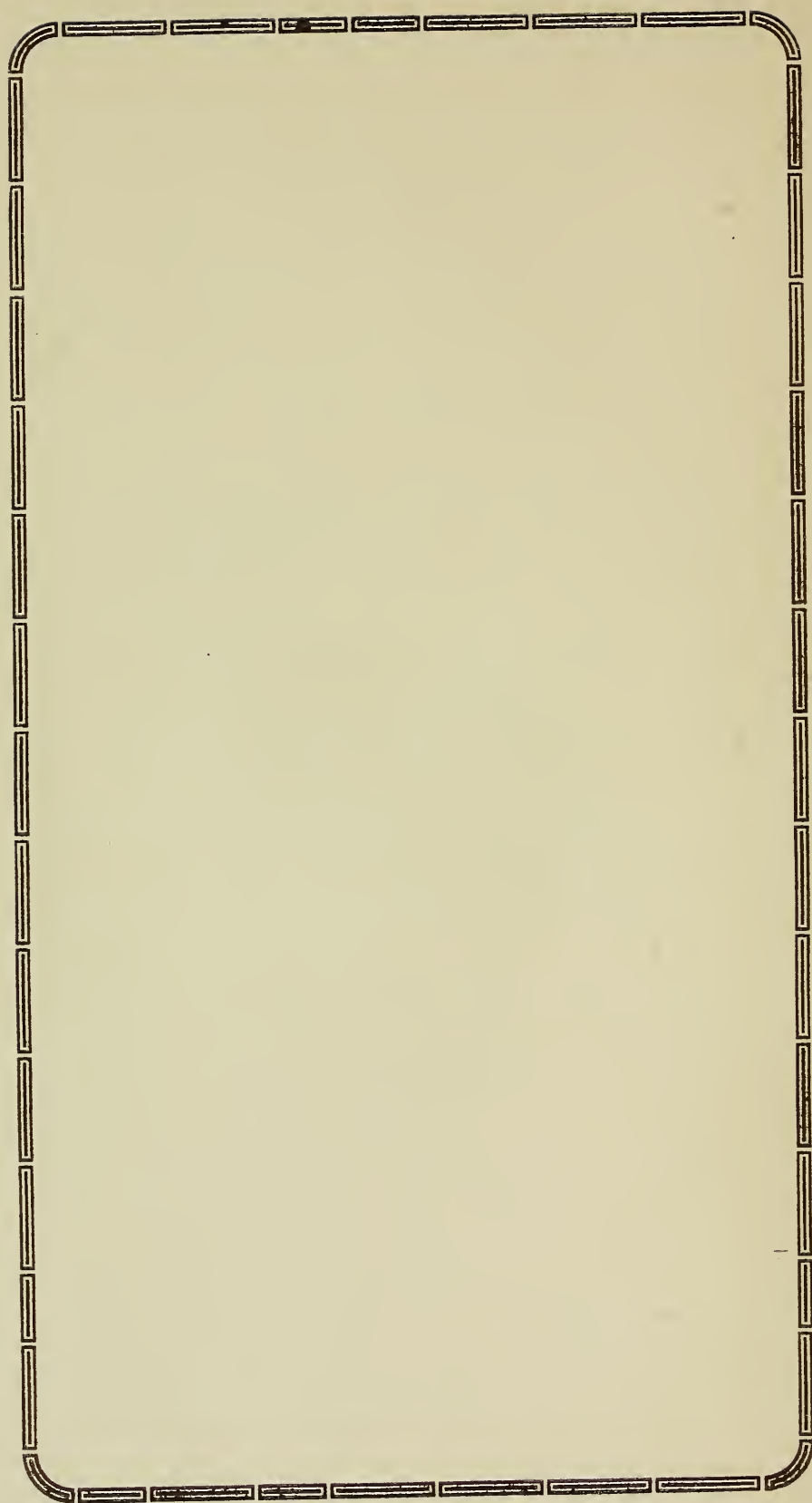
IN OCTOBER DAYS.

Why is it old October I feel so sad,
When all through the year my heart is glad.
The woods are ablaze with their colors bright,
And the birds glad songs filled my heart with
delight.

And still, when the evening shades draw near,
My eyes grow dim and fill with tears.
My thoughts they linger in the Great Beyond,
And of the dear ones, who have long been gone.

Or is it the sentiment that lies in my heart,
When I think of the summer days, that soon will
depart?
How the birds thrilled me with their glad songs,
How I loved those flowers, that are now dead and
gone.

And still October, it must be you,
Although your woods are of the brightest hue,
The birds have gone, the flowers too,
I know I am sad, because of you.



"ON MEMORY'S TRAIN."

Let's take a trip on "Memory's Train," to old aunt
Mary's on the Gerry lane,
And see the old folks once again, the place that in
my slumbers reign.

We'll ramble through the orchard, and eat a pear or
peach,
For they used to hang and dangle, just low enough
to reach.

Let's go back to old aunt Mary's, on the next "memory
train"

For fondest thoughts of my boyhood days to me
now remain.

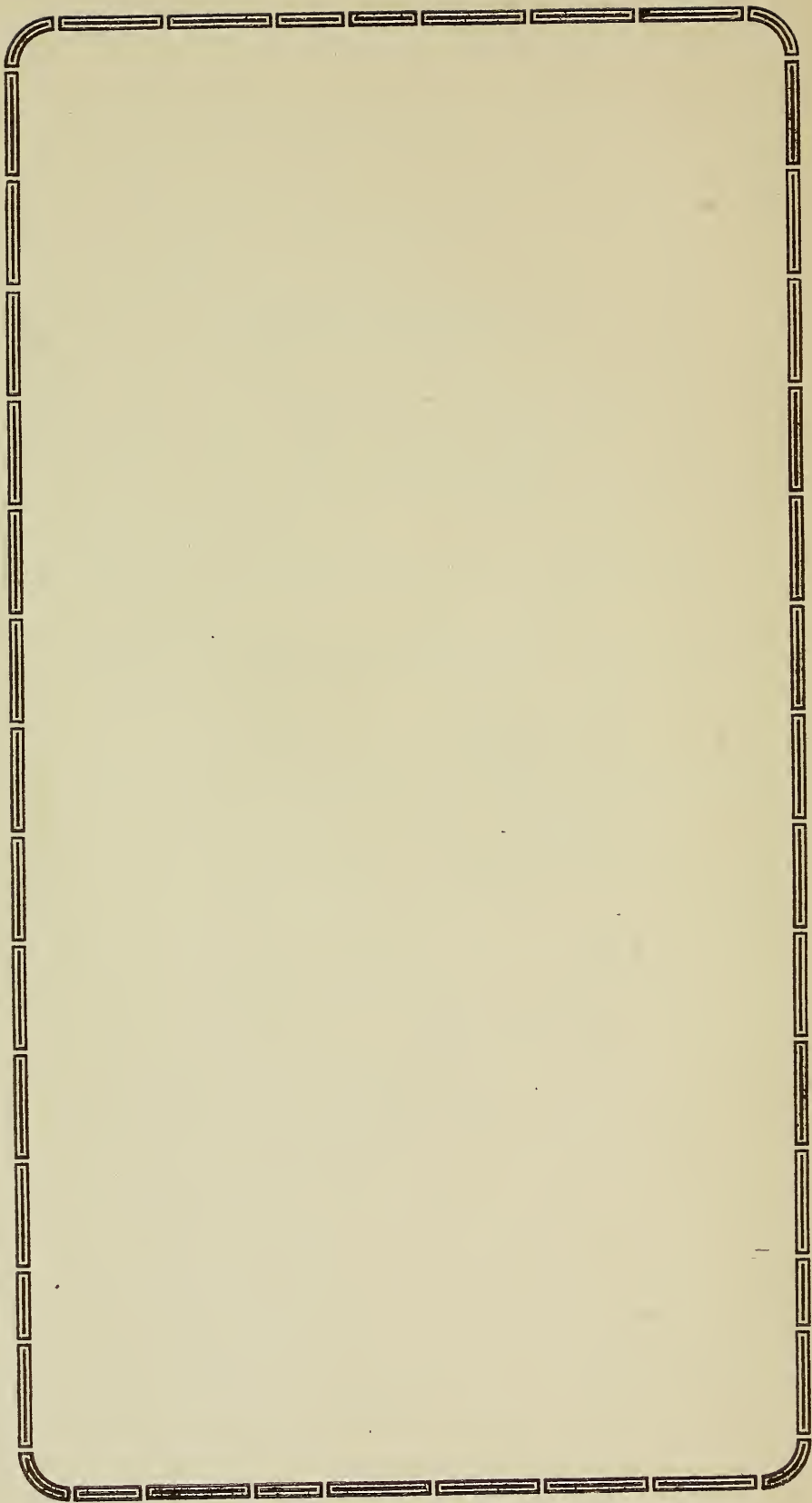
I want to walk 'neath the yellow moon as it floats up
in the sky,
And see it jump behind the clouds, as it from me
tries to hide.

So let's go back to old aunt Mary's, and see her smiling
face,

I want to hug and tease her, as I put my arms
around her waist.

I want to find my boyhood pleasures, so many I can't
recall,

Just want to go back once again, the dearest place
of all.

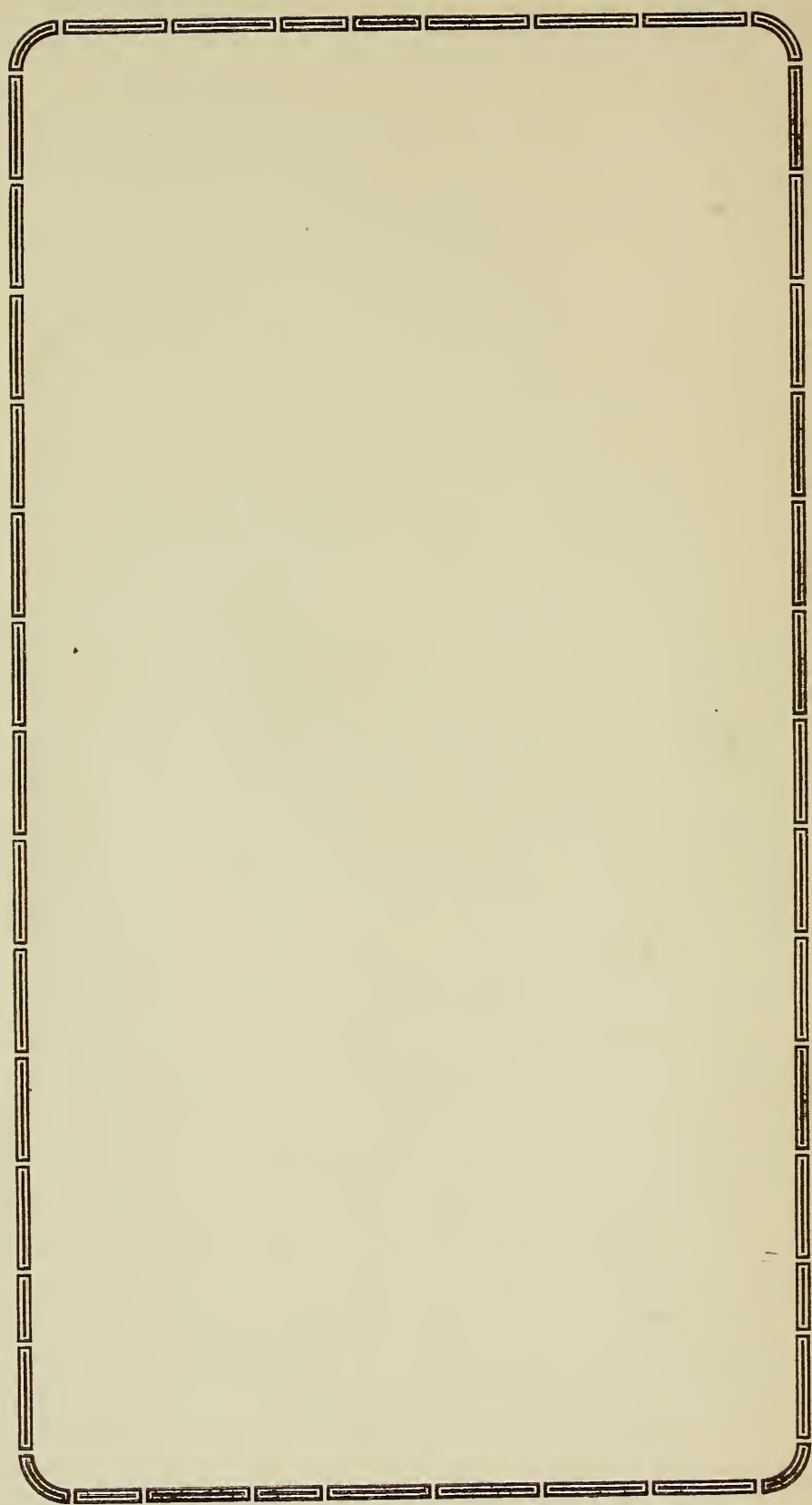


TO VIRGINIA.

Your voice Virginia, is so low and sweet,
Your tones are lovely, so beautiful, so deep.
And when it rings from the old church choir,
To me 'tis devine, as the harp and the lyre.

How you thrill us, when you sing the blessing,
Faint is the heart, that is not confessing,
How you gladden us, with the old, old, songs,
Takes us back to the days, that have long been
gone.

For music and song, soothes the lone weary heart,
Just as the summer dew, to the earth dry and
parched
May you always spread sunshine, with your voice my
dear,
To hear you Virginia, brings the spiritual world
near.

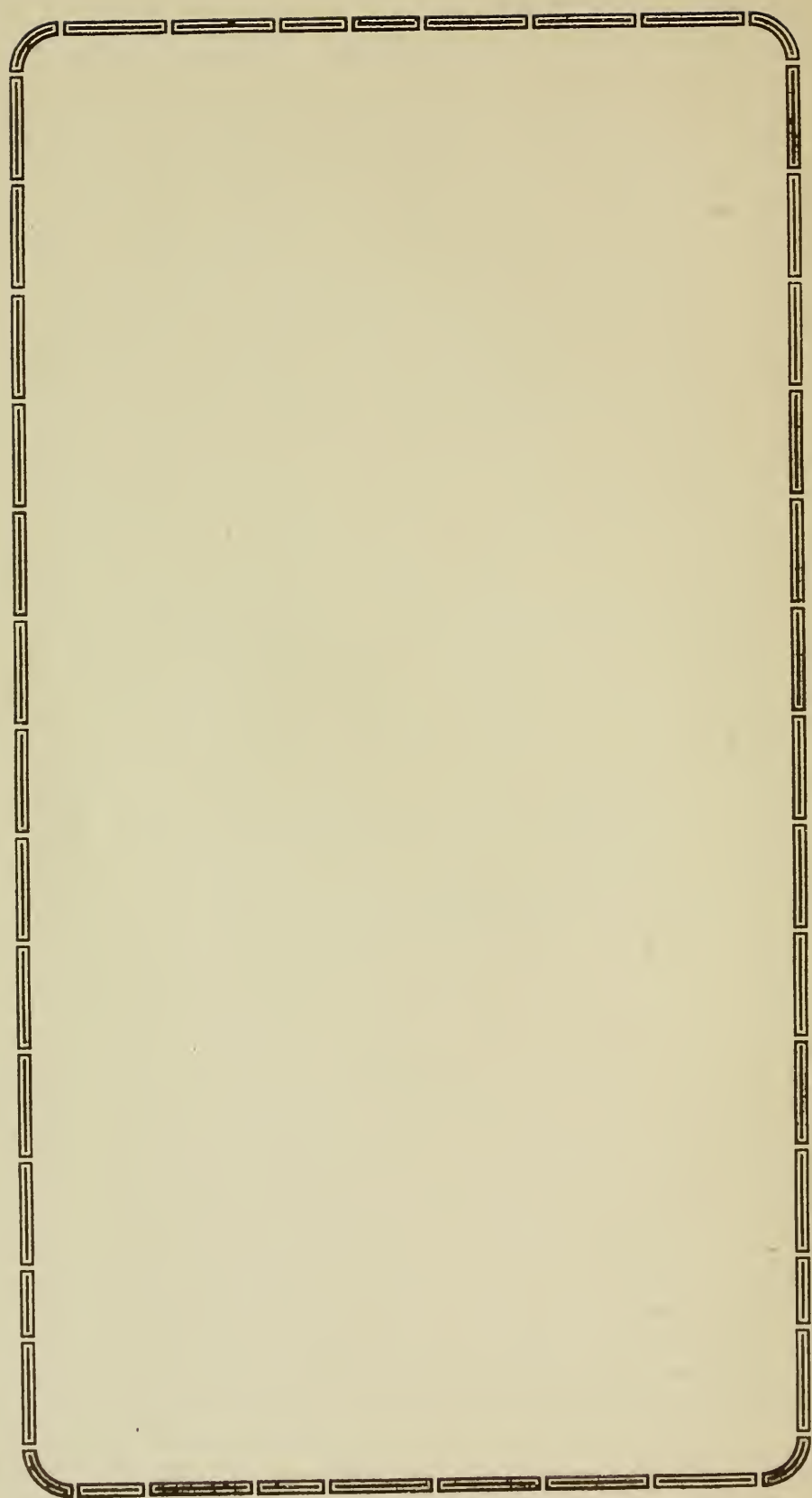


THE CHIMES.

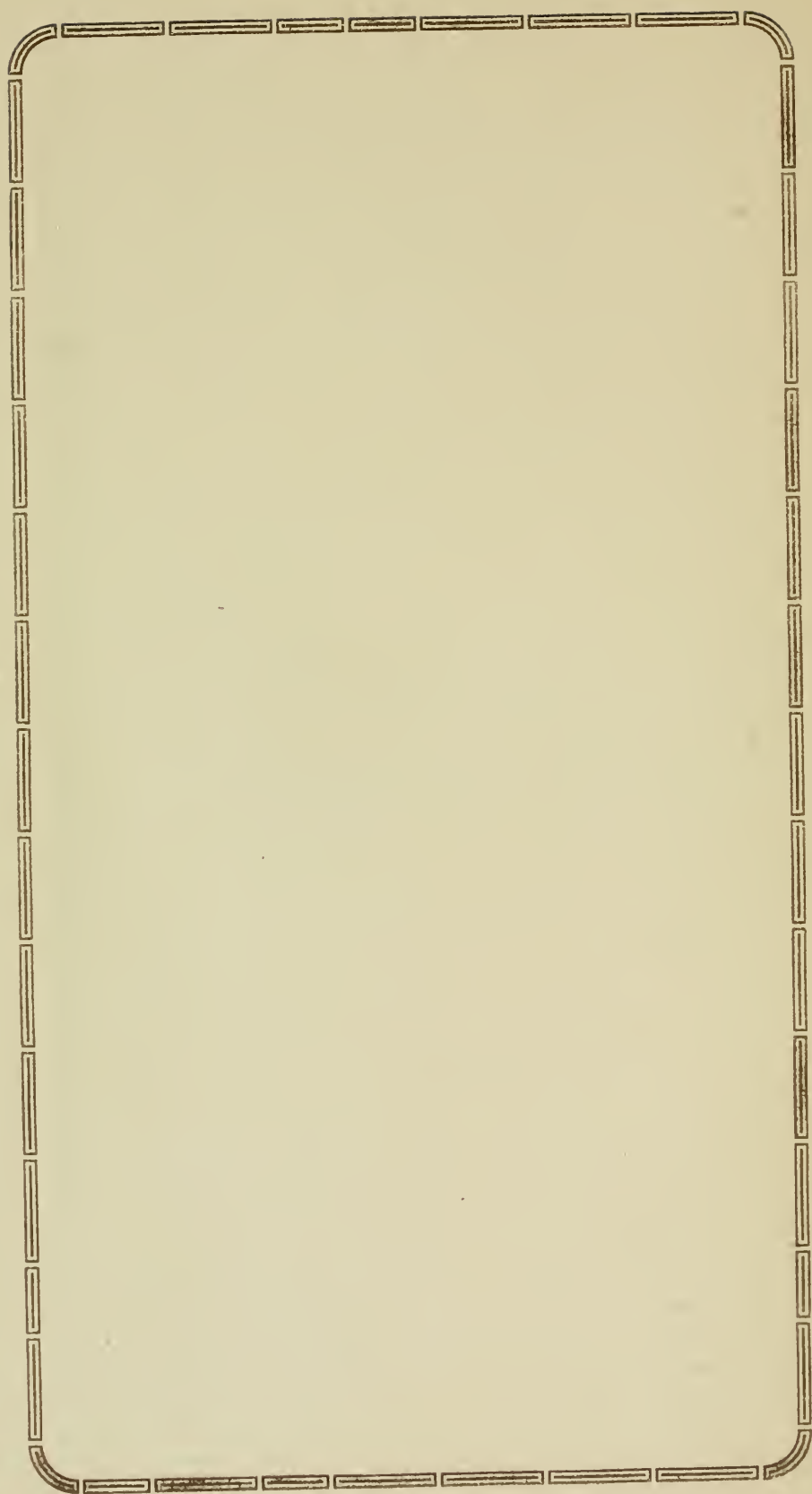
From the old stone church in the twilight glow,
We hear the chimes so sweet and low.
How it gives us peace and comfort, and sweet content,
As it rings its tones as from an instrument.

We hear it in the quiet fields, we hear it in the
throngs,
It cheers both young and old, the weak and the
strong.

In the dusk and dew, in the dawning light,
We hear it ringing, singing, in its flight.



Just as the twilight is beginning to lower,
Let's have a chat with the children about the
flowers.
For soon they will sail on dreamland's barque,
'Tis the time for a story, as the shadows depart.



THE SUNFLOWER AND THE VIOLET.

The flowers were having a chat one day,
And this is what I heard them say.
Said the sunflower to the violet sweet,
Some day you'll be trampled by the woodmans feet.

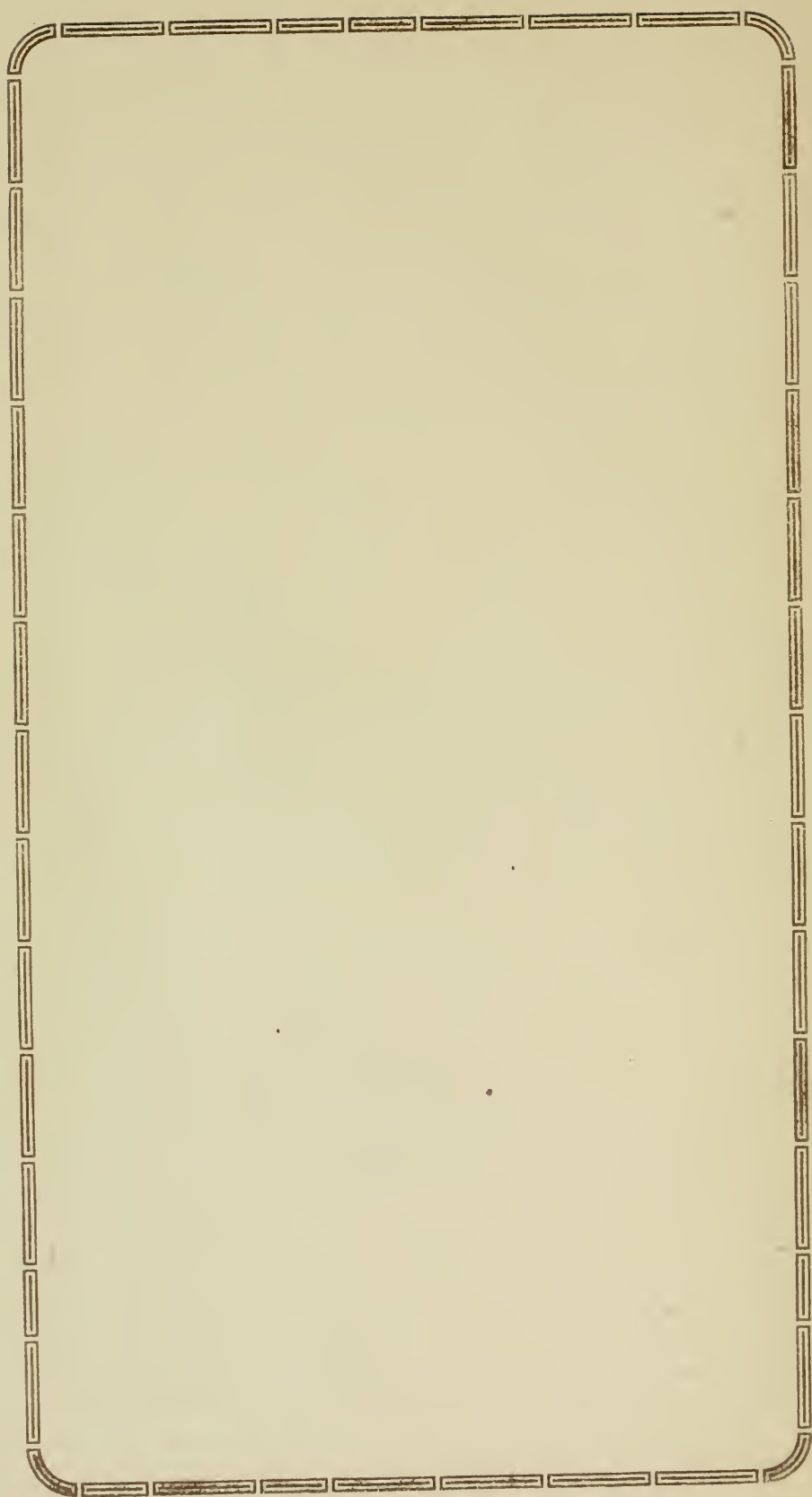
Just look at me how grand I stand,
Why I am taller than any man.
I turn my head from side to side,
And watch the birds as they flit by.

The tears came to the violet's eyes,
She sighed ah me: I wish I were so high.
But soon her head drooped down in slumber,
And in the distance came the peal of thunder.

The storm clouds gathered, the wind it blew,
And the grand sunflower was broken in two.
Then violet woke from her restless sleep,
And there was her friend all in a heap.

The sunflower that stood so high and proud,
Was lying crushed upon the ground,
The violet smiled through her tears-stained eyes,
And was very glad, that she was not so high.

And so my little friends, as through this life of ours,
You will be given to thoughts just as the flower.
How happy and thankful we should all be,
For that which the Lord, has given both you, and
me.



THE RAIN, THE VIOLET, AND THE ROSE.

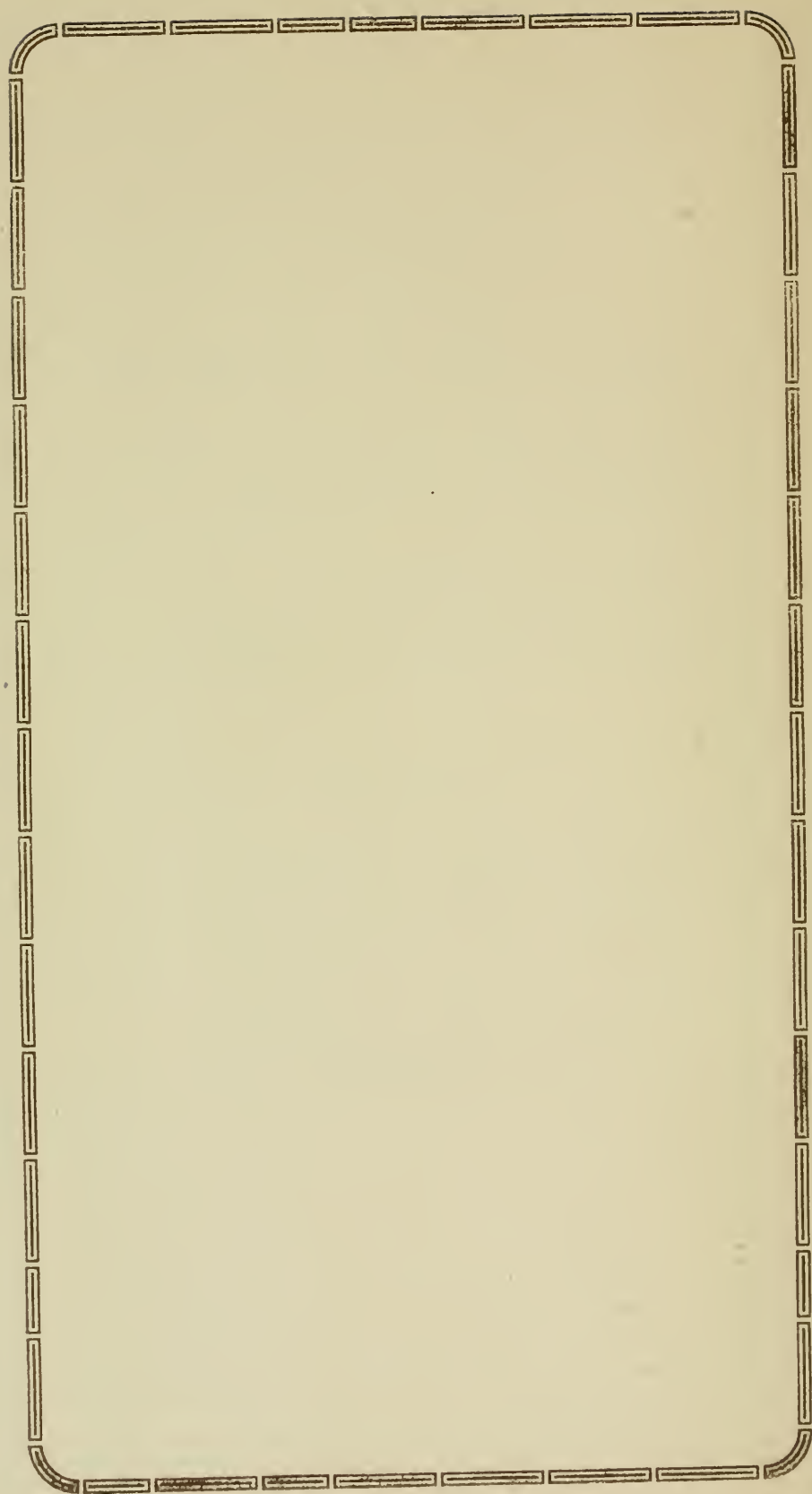
The rain came pattering down on the earth,
And the flowers smiled they were so athrist,
The violet held up her head and cried,
But for you dear rain, I would have died.

He took her in his arms and held,
'Till the tiny head on his bosom fell,
And there she slept so free from care,
While the rain, rained kisses on her cheeks so fair.

THE ROSE.

And then came the rose so shy and sweet,
Ah: rain I too kneel at your feet.
The sun's hot rays have me sorely tried,
And but for you I would have died.

He held her there with fond embrace,
And gazed down on her lovely face,
She closed her eyes in peaceful sleep,
While the rain, rained kisses on her lips so sweet.



THE DAISY.

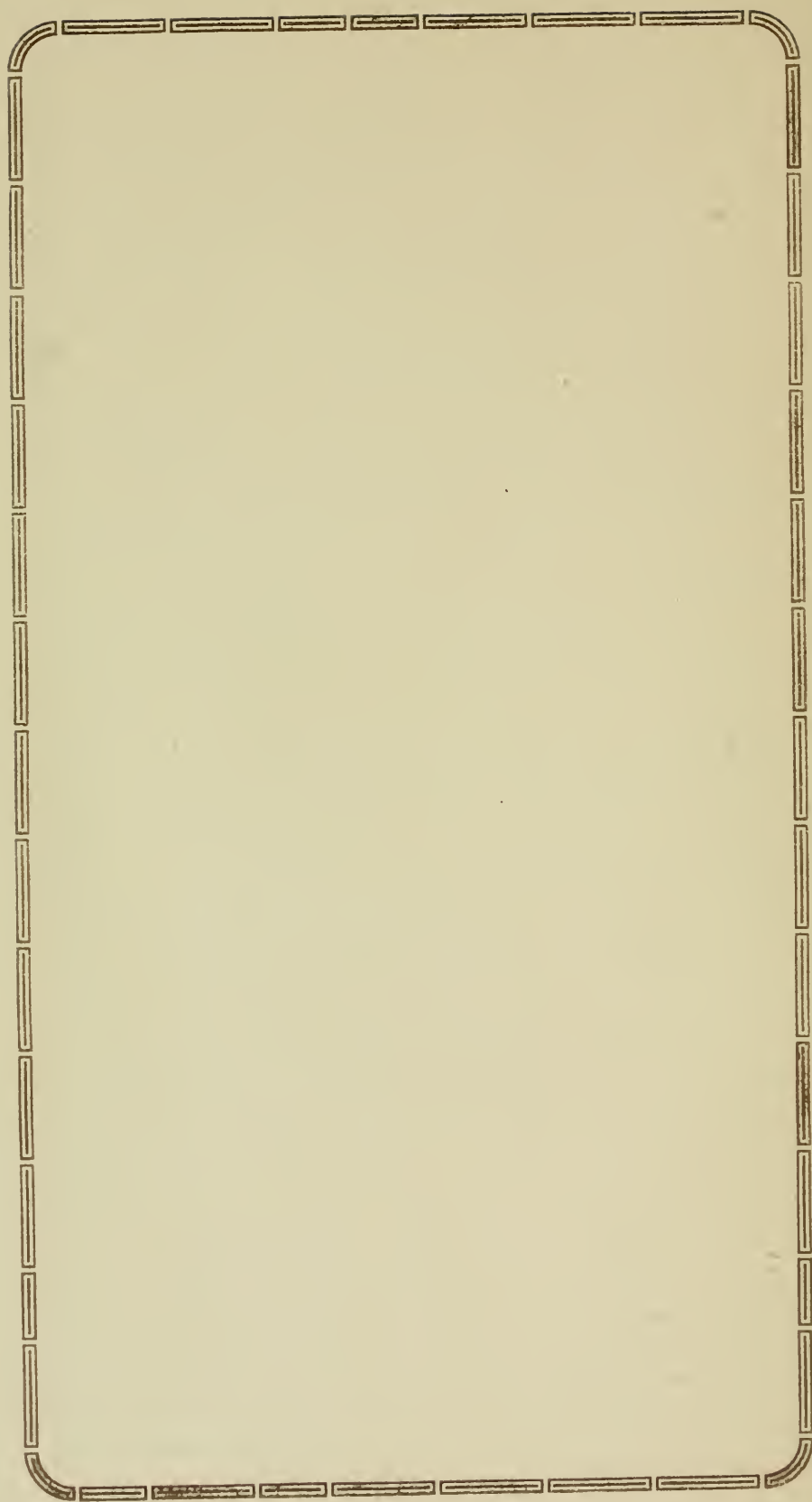
There was once a seed that the wind blew around,
It nestled between the stones on the ground.
And there it sprouted and began to bloom,
When it exclaimed, Ah! me I need more room.

Long have I been here and held so tight,
I know my blossoms will be a fright,
How I long for the fields and the clover red,
Where, when I am weary, I can rest my head.

The stones they heard her fret each day,
But neither knew, just what to say,
So one of them said, we can't let you go,
You've wrapped your roots around us so.

I know you long for the fields of clover,
But what will you do when the summer is over,
For the fields will be covered with snow and ice,
And still we will hold you so snug and tight.

The Daisy smiled as she heard the stones,
For she had not thought of her warm winter home,
And so dear children 'tis a motto you should keep,
To take the bitter, as well as the sweet.



THE RAIN, THE FROST, AND THE SNOW.

What is all this quarreling and fuss about, said the rain to the frost and snow.

I've heard your voices so loud and harsh, more than an hour ago.

So the frost spoke and said dear rain, the quarrel we were having just as you came,

I said to the snow he had no fame, for I painted beautifully on window panes.

Just look at the children how they clamor for me, for the pictures I make of the flowers and the trees,

Look here "Jack Frost" just listen to me, you haven't said a word about their toes that you freeze.

It's very bad form of yourself to boast, but what will they do when they want to coast?

You ask the kiddies who they love most, I'm sure they'll say, why the snow of course.

You may boast of your pictures, and of your fame, but I'm sure they won't slide on your window panes,

Well,—well,—well, said the dear old rain, that will never, never do, and I am glad I came.

Why don't you enlarge on the good that you both do, I'd refrain from the bad if I were you,

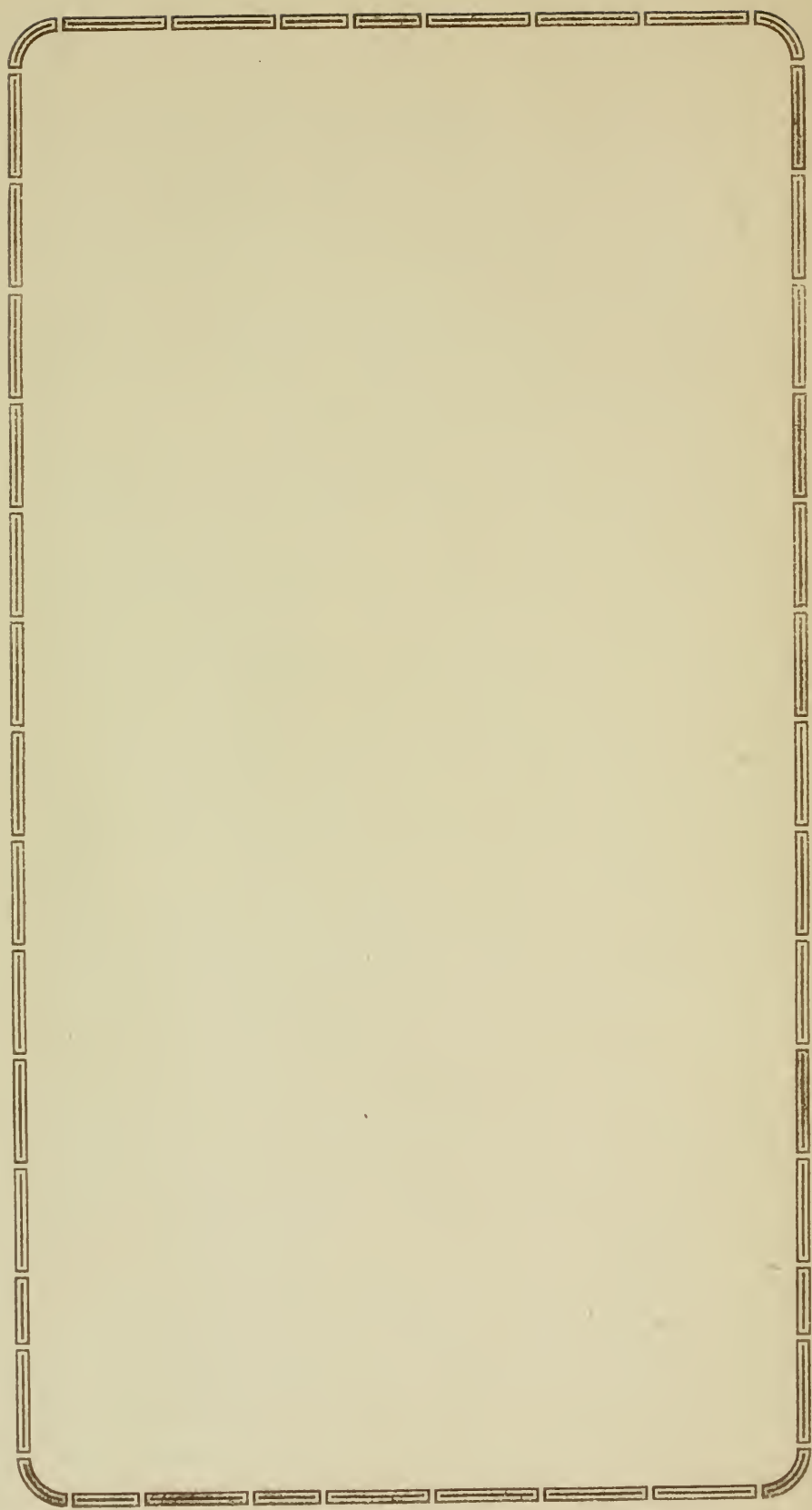
Just think of the trouble we all could make, and how we regret it when its too late.

You know if I wanted to be real mean, I'd rain and rain 'till you'd never be seen,

But I'll stay away until the warm days come, for I know you'll never stand the heat and the sun.

For the winter days will soon pass away, and you have not long here to stay,

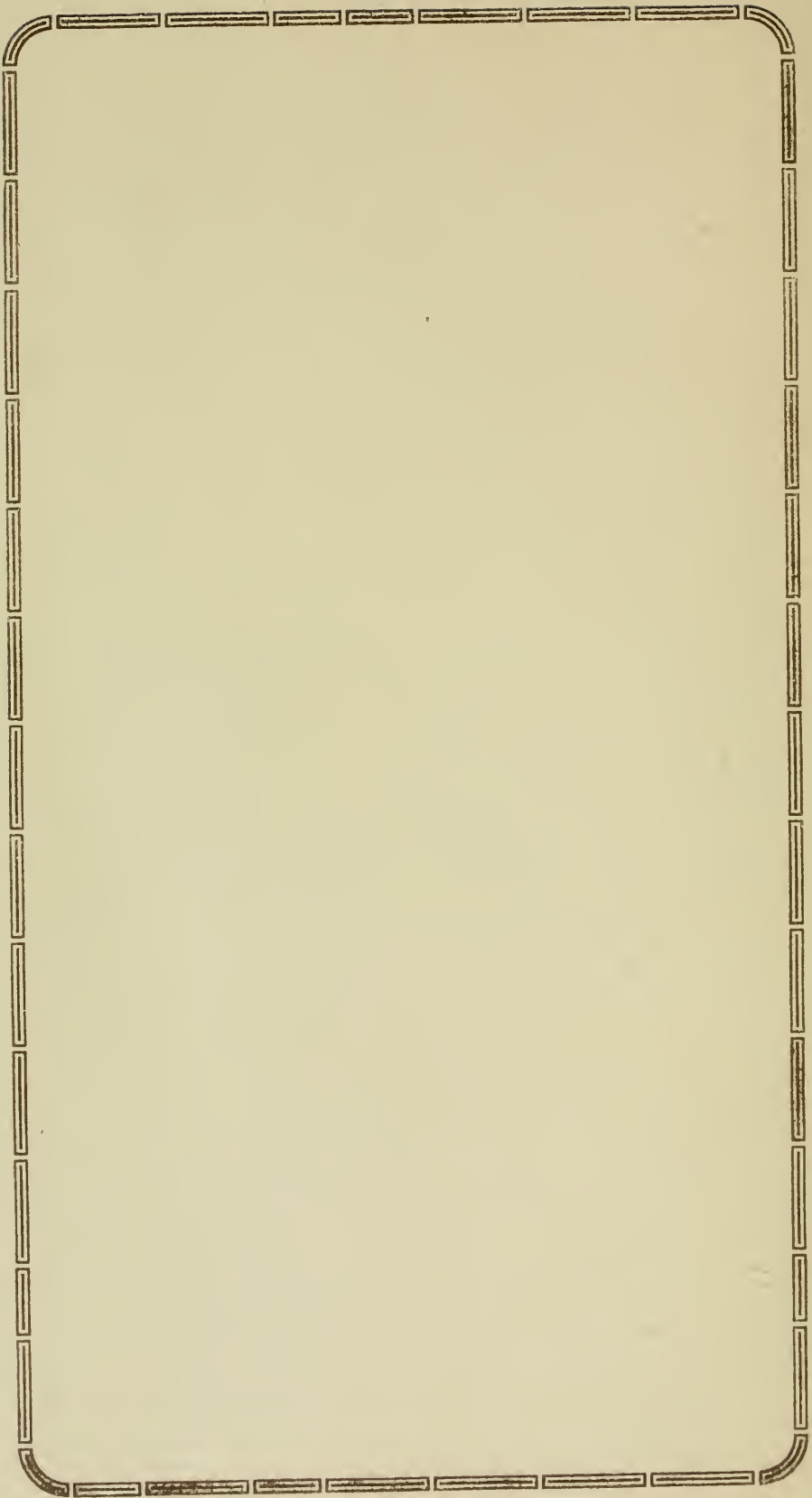
So try and be kind, harsh words evade, I am sure you'll be happy for it always will pay.

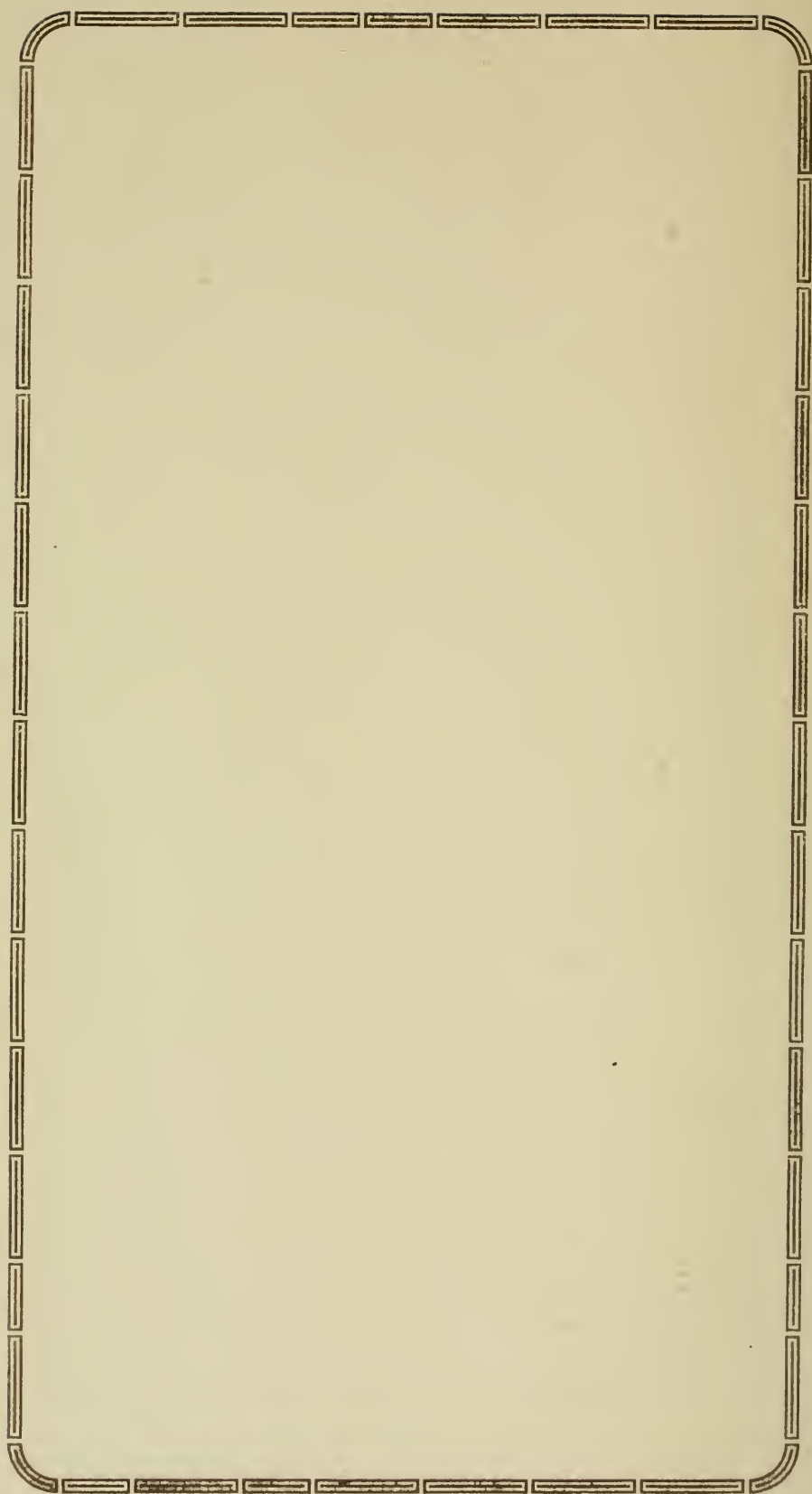


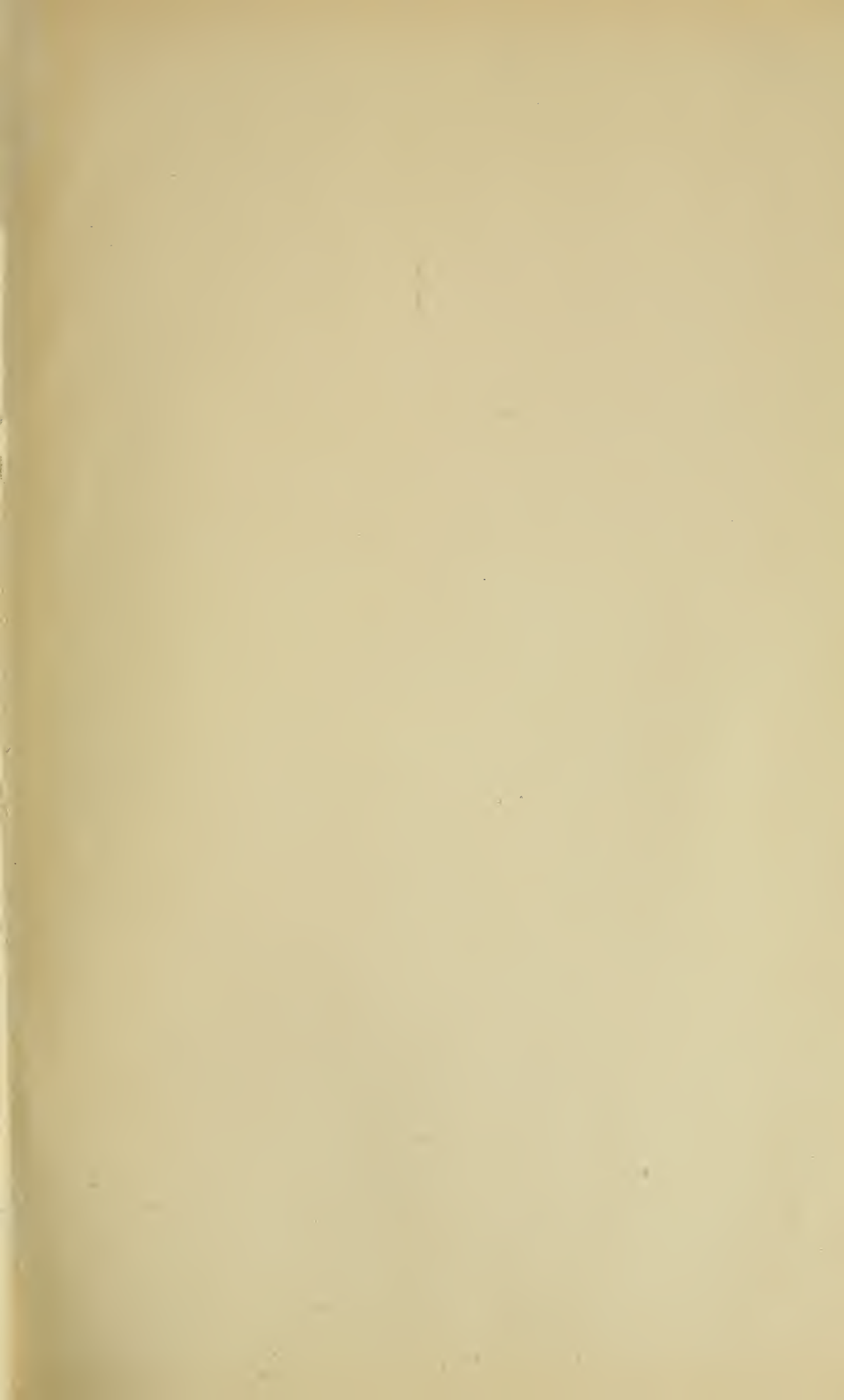
"TO THE CHILDREN."

My dear little children as through this life you go,
You will see the faults in others as you older grow.
Enlarge on their good qualities, refrain from the bad,
Grasp them by the hand and make them glad.

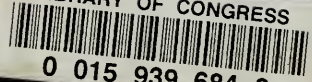
But this is not all that you can do,
Examine yourself thoroughly, through and through.
I am sure some little fault you will there find,
Weed it out dear child, before it your heart
entwines.







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